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J. M. Shenk Feb 19 ELIZABETHTOWN Lancaster Co. Pa (care H. A. Krause)

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

STRENGTH.

BY H. M. BEAN.

The strong man to the battle goes,
And, fearing there no ill,
He wrestles with the danger
Till his "red right hand" is still;
Till his heart is hushed forever,
And his soul has made its flight
In the glory of the noonday,
Or the splendor of the night—
In the golden tint of morning,
Or the drooping of the day,
The strong arm may grow weary
And its strength be lost for aye.

But there's a greater strength than nerves
The warrior, stern and proud;
The hand that never lifts the blade,
Perchance may be endowed
To write such words as kindle up
In every patriot's heart
A flame to light him on his way—
Such is the statesman's art!
All glory to the mighty heart,
That for its country bleeds!
All glory to the mighty will
That prompts to noble deeds!

There comes a strength through faith and prayer,
That nerves the soul to right—
My pœan would I life to thee
Oh, Strength of holy might!
Be with us in the trying hours
That mark the days of life,
And clothe us with thy majesty
That we may meet the strife—
Meet bravely and resistingly
All evil in our way,
And be victors over trials,
Tho' they gather day by day.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

LOVE'S GIFT.

BY EMMA GARRISON.

I must give thee a *gift*, darling—what shall it be?
A necklace of pearls, from the deeps of the sea?
A circlet of gold for thy finger so fair?
Or a crown-wreath of diamonds to wear in thy hair?
Or bracelets of beetle's wings, spotted with gold?
Or a lily-brooche, spangled with jewels untold?
Or ear-drops as bright as thy bonny blue ee'?
I must give thee a *gift*, darling—what shall it be?

No pearls from the ocean, no circlet of gold,
No lily-brooche, spangled with jewels untold;
No crown-wreath of diamonds, no beetle's-wings green,
No ear-drops, though bright as the morning their sheen;
For the light of their beauty, in time, will depart,
And my gift must be *changeless*, love—*give me thy heart!*

Cloverhill, January, 1861.

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Shall I read to you?" said Edgar one morning, in midsummer, as I seated myself by the window with my sewing. "You look in a thoughtful rather than a conversational mood this morning."

I had not before observed him. The windows opened upon the back porch, where he was sitting, half concealed by the clustering vines. He drew his chair to the window as he spoke.

"My mood is not sufficiently exalted for Milton's Paradise Lost," I replied, glancing at the book he held in his hand.

"It is but seldom I feel in the mood for Milton myself," he said, smiling; "but it seems to me the atmosphere this morning is peculiarly adapted to his genius and my temperament united. I have been reading some of his sonnets, and am anxious you should enjoy them with me."

"You forget that I am housekeeper for the day, in the absence of both the Mrs. Wilsons, and, having spent part of the morning in the kitchen, I am scarcely prepared to mount Pegasus upon such a short notice. However, I will try."

Edgar was a fine reader, and he began, in a low, musical voice:

"O, Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May;
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day."

"Miss Sereny, shall I peel the pertatys, and will you have inguns for dinner?" said the cook, appearing at the parlor door.

"I will come to the kitchen, Martha, and tell you about the dinner soon," said I, as soon as I could speak for laughing, "but I don't wish to be interrupted now."

"That sonnet is ruined by its near proximity to potatoes and onions," said Edgar. "I must find another."

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not, in thy book record, their groans."

"The butcher says, does you want meat for to-morrow? I'se 'bleeged to interrupt 'cause to-day is Saturday."

Edgar dropped the book in despair, while I followed Martha to the kitchen.

"And now, Mr. Dudley," said I, as I returned, "I think we can enjoy Milton without interruption."

"Do not be too sure. I see a young lady walking up the street, and I have a presentiment she is coming here."

"Who is she?"

"I do not know her, but she is just opening the gate. I will retire to my leafy retreat with Milton."

"O, most ungallant man!" I exclaimed, but I had not time to say more, when a rustling of silk announced the new arrival, and I advanced to the door to greet her.

"You do not know me," she said, as she encountered my look of surprise.

"I do not know," said I, hesitatingly. "Can it be Madge Greyson?"

"The very same," said she, laughing. "I did not think I could have altered so much in a few months that you would fail to recognize Madge Wildfire."

"You have grown into a young lady in that time," I replied, and then added, almost involuntarily, "how much you have improved."

"Well, I like that. It is candid, as well as flattering. Now I know you are surprised to see me here," she continued, as she fluttered gracefully down upon the sofa, her rich silk dress falling in graceful folds around her.

"I am somewhat surprised," I replied, "as I did not know you were aware of the existence of such a village as Sydney."

"Nor was I, until Mary Clyde wrote to me, inviting me to spend some weeks with her here. She happened accidentally to mention your name about half an hour ago. I found out where you lived, and have run away here to see you. You remind me so much of Linden Hall and of Gertrude Cameron."

Her voice trembled slightly as she uttered the last words, and there was quite a pause in the conversation, for I was thinking of the last act of Gertrude's life, and perhaps Madge was thinking of it also.

I had not exaggerated when I said that Madge had grown into a young lady in a few months. I had never witnessed so great an external change in any one. She had not only grown quite tall, but had acquired a lady-like ease and self-possession, utterly wanting in her before. She had a fine, well-developed figure, to which her rich, elegant attire seemed to be exactly adapted. The ugly scar on her temple was entirely concealed by the manner in which she arranged her hair, which was of a rich, dark chesnut, and very luxurious. There was a softer light in her eye than formerly, and it even seemed to me that her mouth had grown smaller.

She looked up after a few minutes' silence, and, meeting my curious glance, her eyes gave a merry twinkle, as she said:

"Well, now you have made your observations, what do you think of me?"

"That you are very good-looking."

"For Margaret Greyson. Granted. A gentleman, with whom I am intimately acquainted, told me, not long ago, that I was the best-looking ugly girl he ever saw. Which exactly expresses my opinion of myself."

"What have you been doing since you left chool, Madge?"

"Studying a little, and reading a little, and dressing a great deal."

"You are too young to think so much about dress. You forget you are only a child."

"A child, indeed! I am quite sixteen!"

"I was not aware that you had reached such a venerable age. If you consider yourself a young lady, you will find our little village dull enough."

"That is a fact. I am tired of all the Clydes already. I heard Willie was to be home this summer, and expected some sport flirting with him, but he has disappointed us all, and I don't know what I should have done had not good fortune thrown you in my way."

"And you will soon get tired of me."

"I suppose I shall," she said, laughing, "but you are not so common-place as the Clydes. You are so plain-spoken, you are entertaining."

"You seem like a child to me, Madge; and I fear I shall treat you too much like one to satisfy your young ladyism."

"You could not please me better, and I wish you to find fault with me when I do wrong, as you used to at school. But I do not like gentlemen to treat me as a child. By-the-way, I hear that your village boasts of the Apollo Belvidere for a minister. I am dying for to-morrow to come, that I may see him. For want of other amusement, I intend to open a flirtation with him."

I felt annoyed, for I knew that Edgar could not avoid hearing our conversation. At that moment a dark shadow flitted past the window, and I was glad he had gone before Madge made any more silly speeches. But I was amazed to see him enter the parlor door a few minutes after.

Both parties seemed somewhat confused as I introduced them, and, to cover their embarrassment, I said to Edgar:

"Did you find Milton as interesting a companion as you expected?"

"Milton!" exclaimed Madge. "You surely do not like Milton, Miss M'Cloud. I cannot tolerate him."

"That is a very courageous confession," said Edgar, smiling.

"O, I never admire any poet merely because I am told to. Now, I think Lalla Rookh is worth all that Milton ever wrote."

"I must confess," said Edgar, "that I have no sympathy with Moore's poems. They are sparkling and brilliant, but they lack depth and earnestness of tone. It is like sugar and water, very sweet, but you soon tire of it."

"And Milton should be taken like powerful medicines, very seldom, and then only in small doses. Do you know," said she, turning to me, "how I first learned to like Moore?"

"No," I replied, "Surely not while you were at Linden Hall."

"Yes, at that very place I heard Mr. Allan Meredith repeat some of his shorter poems, which so charmed me that I fell in love with Moore and Mr. Meredith at the same time. It struck me, however, that the latter was in love with some one else. By-the-way, Miss M'Cloud, what has become of him?"

"He is in Europe, I believe," said I, in some confusion, for I had been striving to forget him, and the sudden mention of his name was almost painful to me.

They both saw my embarrassment. Edgar was somewhat startled, I thought; but Madge said, with careless gaiety:

"I shall always thank him for introducing me to Moore—and now let us leave the poets and talk about something else."

"The Fair," said I, "that is the most engrossing topic with the female part of the community."

"What Fair? I have not heard of it."

"The Dorcas Society are to have a Fair in a few weeks, and the members are now busy preparing fancy articles for it. We may count upon you to help us?"

"Certainly," she replied, carelessly playing with a diamond ring, "if it is to aid a Dorcas society. The only unalloyed pleasures I have ever experienced have been in those hours devoted to the poor."

There was no apparent affectation of sentiment in these words, but I remembered the time she had made a similar avowal to Professor Bland, and I wondered if she were more sincere now than she was then.

She took her leave soon after. I followed her to the door, and invited her to visit me soon again. I am afraid I was rather cold in my manner, for she seemed hurt as she turned away. She had not reached the gate before she came running back, and taking my hands, and looking affectionately in my face, said:

"Will you not be my friend? Believe me, I am not as bad as I used to be—that is, I am trying to do better, and I meet with so little encouragement. Take pity upon me, and try to love me."

"I will be your friend, dear Madge," I exclaimed, my heart warming towards her as she spoke "For Gertrude's sake, we will love one another."

"She is a strange girl," I said to myself, as I stood in the door, watching her as she walked down the street. "But a little more than a year ago, she was 'little Madge,' and now she affects all the ease and assurance of an acknowledged belle. Then she seemed an incarnation of deceit and ill temper, at least towards me, and now she is cordial and affectionate, and desires my friendship. I hope she is sincere, but I do not know; she was always deceitful. But, stay! I am too harsh in my judgment. I remember, when I first entered the school-rooms of Linden Hall, lonely and timid, among strangers, this child gave me a white rose, a pure and delicate gift, reminding me that I could find sympathy even there. And then at the death-bed of Gertrude she showed such deep feeling, real and unaffected. And Gertrude loved her. There must be some good in her. At all events, I will trust her until she deceives me."

"What do you think of my friend?" I inquired of Edgar when I returned to the parlor.

"I can scarcely tell," he replied, "as I have seen so little of her. I was struck by the original style of her conversation, which I could not help overhearing, and I felt some curiosity to make her acquaintance."

"Then I suppose you heard her last remark about you," said I, after a moment's pause, in which I was thinking whether I could venture to make such an inquiry of as grave and dignified a character as Edgar Dudley.

"Yes," he said, slightly blushing; "but that was not what prompted my curiosity, as I see you are thinking. That was only a childish speech, forgotten as soon as uttered."

"I am glad you heard it," said I, laughing. "Forewarned is forearmed."

It was very difficult for me to preserve the resolution I had formed regarding Madge, as days passed by and I saw her more frequently. Indeed she passed the greater part of her time with me, ostensibly to work for the Fair, but, I thought, really to see as much of Edgar as possible. Why did she strive thus to win his affection? I could not believe for a moment that she really loved him. Heiress of great wealth, proud, and fond of dress and display, she could not surely have a serious thought of marrying a poor, unknown minister. Edgar Dudley was not the man to captivate such a girl. Then what but vanity and coquetry could prompt her to court his society, to try so anxiously to please him, to agree with him in opinions and sentiments which I knew she held in utter contempt? I constantly feared that he would fall a victim to her wiles, particularly as he seemed to be utterly unconscious of them. I could see that he regarded her as a capricious, spoiled child—very attractive, and intelligent, and appreciative—but still a child. He certainly treated her as such, and his manner evidently piqued her.

But, after a time, I observed a change in his manner towards me, almost imperceptible at first, but becoming gradually more marked. He had been accustomed to treat me with a brotherly confidence, which was now entirely withheld. Formerly he sought my society; now he shunned it; never appearing in the parlor except when Madge was there, and not very often then; and many times I caught his eye fixed upon me with an expression of reproachful sadness which I could not at all interpret. Somehow I felt that this was owing to Madge, though I could not explain why. She was cordial and affectionate to me always, and was very confiding in all things except in relation to Edgar. Of him she never spoke.

Madge came to spend several days with me. The morning after her arrival, as we sat in my little sewing-room, engaged with our fancy work, my eye fell upon some books which lay upon the table.

"French novels!" I exclaimed. "You must have brought these here, Madge."

"And is there any harm in that?" she said, laughing gaily. "I should have died with ennui at the Clyde's without them."

"Harm!" I repeated. "You know it is wrong to read such books as these. The very worst of their class," I continued, as I read the titles.

"I did not know you were such a Puritan, Miss M'Cloud. They are vastly entertaining, and that is all one expects of a novel."

I shook my head. "You are sowing the seed of a bitter harvest, Madge, and one of these days you will reap it in sorrow of heart."

Her only reply was a merry laugh, and just then I was called from the room. As I left it Edgar entered. When I returned, some time after, he was gone, and the books had disappeared. I noticed the circumstance, but made no allusion to it. I was confident that Edgar's disapproval had caused her to remove the novels.

It was only the next afternoon, however, when I surprised her in the grape arbor, deeply absorbed in one of her favorite books. She looked very guilty when she first met my astonished glance, and said, in an apologetic tone: "I was obliged to finish this book; I had become so interested in the story." Then, hearing a step on the gravelled walk, she added, hastily thrusting the book into my hand: "There! take the hateful thing and burn it up. I never wish to see it more."

At this moment Edgar appeared. His glance rested upon the book in my hand, and he seemed about to speak, when Madge said, gaily: "You have come just in time to look for my ring, Mr. Dudley. Come, Miss M'Cloud, and help us."

I was so provoked at her falsehood that I threw the book upon the ground and sprang out of the arbor.

It was a week after this occurrence that, as I passed through the parlor at twilight, I saw Edgar seated by the window. For several days we had scarcely spoken to each other. Now I was determined to speak to him, and walking quietly to the window, stood by his side. He looked up surprised, but said, immediately:

"This is a lovely evening."

"I am not come to talk about the evening," said I, "I have just heard something about you, and have come to ask if it is true."

"What is it?" he said, quickly.

"That you are going to leave us," I replied. "A few weeks ago, you would have told me had this been so; now I am left to gather my knowledge from common report."

He took no notice of the latter part of this speech, but said, somewhat sadly:

"I had hoped the matter was not much talked of. I have had a call, and, though I have not decided to accept, I am thinking very seriously about it."

"And so you will leave your parish in the height of your usefulness, and at the very time it needs you most?"

"There are many," he replied, "who would supply my place; but it will be difficult for me to find a parish that suits me in all respects as well as this."

"Then why leave it? You must have powerful reasons to induce you to entertain the thought for a moment. But, excuse me, I have no right to ask your reasons."

"I fear they are not such as should influence me," he replied. "Indeed, I cannot say that I have any reasons. I am sad, sick at heart, and feel an anxious desire to depart, as if I could find rest in the excitement."

I was amazed. Never before had I heard such words from Edgar. I thought he lived in an atmosphere of quiet happiness that was never ruffled. I began to think I had been deceived, and that he loved Madge Greyson.

"If you are sad, surely it will be better to remain among your friends, with those who love you, than to go among strangers."

"Ah! that is the greatest sorrow of all," he cried, bitterly. "Have I any friends? Where I looked for goodness and truth, I have found deceit. How do I know but the world is full of such false friends."

It was true, then. He did love Madge, and was struggling even now against the love which he felt was hopeless and sinful, but which darkness could not conquer. I pitied him, but I knew not what to say to comfort him. Almost unconsciously, I repeated:

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt *one* heart that if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

"Oh! Serena," he exclaimed, "you know not what I have suffered lately. If I could only—"

He was evidently about to confide his sorrows to me, but at that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Wilson entered, bringing in the lamp; and, directly behind her, Madge came through the doorway, the full blaze of light falling upon her. She wore a dress of simple white, covered with wavy festoons of green leaves. Her long, heavy, brown tresses, wreathed with flowers, floated in the wildest confusion around her. She was almost beautiful in this picturesque costume. She stood a moment, enjoying our looks of admiration.

"I am fresh from the woods," she said, bowing gracefully, "and bring you each an offering of wild flowers, and she held towards us two beautiful bouquets.

"A gift worthy of a wood nymph," said Edgar pleasantly, advancing to meet her.

It is very strange, I thought, as I turned away. I cannot understand either of them.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Where are you going so early, young ladies, if I may inquire?" said Edgar, as he met Madge, Mary Clyde and myself issuing from Mrs. Wilson's door one morning, late in the summer.

"To the Odd Fellows' Hall," said Madge, who always spoke before any one else thought of replying, "to dress the rooms for the Fair. Will you not accompany us? You cannot imagine how beautifully the rooms are trimmed."

Edgar turned, without replying, and walked on with Madge, while I walked some distance behind with Mary Clyde. After we reached the Hall, he stood by Madge's side as she tied wreaths. I do not think he spoke to me once. But he did not linger long. The rooms were almost filled with young people, and such a scene of noisy gaiety was not congenial to one of his grave and quiet temperament. His presence was a slight restraint upon Madge, but after his departure she gave way to the wildest gaiety. She chatted and laughed with everybody, and danced through the rooms in a perfect frenzy of delight, and finally got upon the table and made a speech, which convulsed every one with laughter. She reminded me of her old school days at Linden Hall, except that the coarseness which then mingled more or less with all her fun, had now been refined entirely away.

After her speech was concluded, she sprang from the table, and, coming to me, said in a whisper:

"We need some fern leaves. I know where to find beautiful ones on the river bank. Come with me to get them. It is but a short walk."

"I know it," said I, hesitatingly, "but I promised to make a moss basket—"

"Well, you can make that on your return. Do come," she said, entreatingly, "I have something of great importance to communicate to you."

We stole very quietly out of the house, and walked down to the river side.

"You seem very happy to-day, Madge," I said, when she stopped talking long enough to enable me to say anything.

"I have good reason to be," she said, stopping suddenly, and looking into my face with one of her frankest, merriest looks. "I have found out one of Edgar Dudley's secrets; one he thinks locked up in his own heart."

"And am I to know the result of your discovery?"

"Certainly. That is what I brought you here for." And, putting her mouth close to my ear, she whispered: "I think he has lost his heart, and that a certain *child*, called Madge Greyson, has got it."

The words "I know it," rose to my lips, but I checked them, and merely said: "Well, what next?"

"Well!" you provoking creature. "Don't you see what next?"

"Yes. I suppose you will return to your city friends, and boast what an easy conquest you made of the poor country parson, and, having ridiculed him sufficiently, you will cease to think of him."

She looked at me earnestly a moment, and then said: "Miss M'Cloud, how little you know me. But it is useless to say more. See; there are the fern leaves upon the opposite bank. I will cross this plank and gather them."

"Not there, Madge," I cried. "Cross on the bridge, higher up the stream. That plank is not safe, I know."

"What is it put here for if not for people to walk on? I will try it at all events."

So saying, she gave a bound on the plank. For an instant she tottered, turned her face, white with terror, towards me, grasped convulsively at the air, and then fell heavily into the stream. I saw her white dress floating on the water, and thought if I could only seize that I could drag her ashore. I ran down the bank, and sprang upon a rock in the river near the shore, and thus I reached the spot where she rose to the surface of the water, struggling violently. I bent forward to seize her, but she caught hold of my sleeve, and, in the next moment, I felt the cold water rushing over me, and a noise like thunder in my ears. I did not lose consciousness, however, for I felt strong arms seize me, and directly after I found myself lying on the green grass with Madge by my side, and our young companions around us.

It seems that the whole scene had been witnessed from the Hall, which stood upon a hill overlooking the river, and a few moments sufficed to bring all the party to the rescue.

We soon recovered sufficiently to ride to Mrs. Wilson's, where we made our appearance at the dinner table much more nervous and frightened than hurt. Edgar was not there, for which I was very thankful. Madge was quite serious, even melancholy, I thought.

"Do you wish to return to the Hall, Madge?" said I, as we rose from the table.

"No, indeed," she said. "Let us go to your room. I want to be quiet."

To my room we went, and, as Madge seated herself by the window with a book, I also took a volume, and, lying down on the bed, commenced reading, but soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but finally I felt a half-consciousness that some terrible apparition was before me. Opening my eyes suddenly, my glance fell upon Madge. Her eyes glared wildly; her face was ghastly pale; her dishevelled hair was thrown back from her forehead, revealing the scar on her temple, now almost livid in its hue. My eye quailed beneath hers, and, for a moment, I thought her insane.

Perhaps she guessed my fears, for she said, more gently than I thought she could have spoken, judging from her appearance: "Do not be afraid of me. I know I look frightfully. My good and evil genius have had a terrible struggle for the last two hours. But I do believe the good has conquered," she said, suddenly breaking into a smile. "And now, before the evil gains the ascendancy once more, I wish to make a confession to you."

I rose, and looked at her in surprise.

"What confessions can you have, dear Madge? You are nervous and excited with your fright to-day."

"I ought to have been excited before," she replied, vehemently. "I am going to tell you such things as will make you despise me more, a thousand times more, than you did at Linden Hall, when I sent Gertrude Cameron to an untimely grave."

"Madge, you shall not accuse yourself of such a crime. It is not true, and it is very wicked."

"Well, I *am* wicked!" she exclaimed. "But I did think, Miss M'Cloud, when I told you that I had done with deceit and lying forever; but, since then, the temptation has come, and I have fallen lower than ever before."

She did not pause for a reply, but went on speaking more rapidly.

"You remember my boasting, when I first saw you, that I would flirt with Edward Dudley. It was merely an idle speech. I did not expect to find him the man he is. I did commence a sort of flirtation with him in sport, but it has ended in earnest. He is so different from any man I ever knew—so superior—that, before I was aware of it, I loved him. Yes, you may start; but it is true. I love Edgar Dudley devotedly, truly. I believe I could die for him. As soon as this love took firm hold of my heart then came my sin. I fancied that Edgar loved you, and determined to win him at all hazards. I thought the surest way was to lower you in his opinion. I did not at first intend to go as far as I did, but one thing led to another, and deceit covered up deceit until I scarcely knew what I was doing. I began by throwing out hints that you were not all you seemed to be. Finding these had no effect, I next proceeded to assertions. I soon discovered these would be worse than useless without proofs, which I was determined to furnish, by fair means or foul. I had no idea my conduct would be known to me with one. You recollect the morning you found French novels on the work-table. No sooner had you left the room that morning than Edgar entered it. He saw the books, and said immediately: 'Miss Madge, I am surprised at your selection of books. Excuse me for saying that I gave you credit for better taste?' I was piqued at his suspecting *me* so readily, and said, with some bitterness: 'Why accuse me of reading those books? I am not the only occupant of the sewing-room.' I shall never forget his indignant reply. 'Serena read such books as these! Impossible!' Still more provoked, I exclaimed: 'It is not only possible, but true. Those books are hers.' I was shocked as soon as the words passed my lips, for I scorn an untruth, if I am a liar. But it was too late to retract, or at least I thought it was. The next day, when you surprised me in the arbor, it instantly occurred to me that I could turn the circumstance to good account, for I heard the step of Edgar before you did; and that was why I thrust the book into your hand so hastily. I threw my ring upon the ground to employ him in searching for it, and thus keep him from speaking to you. After you left the arbor I said to him: 'You must be convinced now, Mr. Dudley, that what I said to you yesterday was true.' He made me no reply, but he looked deeply grieved; and I knew that my arrow had hit its mark. Knowing his straight-forward method of dealing, and his intimacy with you, I thought it probable he would seek an opportunity to express his disapprobation of the books he thought you were reading. This, of course, would lead to an explanation, which was the very thing I dreaded. I tried to think of some means of preventing this. Again circumstances favored my design. One day Edgar expressed admiration of some verses that I repeated. I told him I had a copy of them which you had written for me while at school, and that I would send them to him the following day; with a book I had promised to lend him. Before sending them, I copied them care fully several times, until I thought I could imitate your hand sufficiently for my purpose. Then I wrote a short note, and laid it, open, between the leaves of the book. I knew he could not avoid seeing it, and barely a glance at it would give a very accurate idea of its contents. And here," said she, handing me a crumpled piece of paper, "is the note I sent."

With trembling hands I opened the note, and read:

"DEAR MADGE:—You are to be pitied if you expect Mr. Dudley to spend the evening with you. What an intolerable bore that man is! I am to be civil to him, and therefore he fancies that I am in love with him—a poverty-stricken country parson. If I have ever professed any admiration of his society it was because I had nothing else to amuse me in this dull village. He torments me to death with his long sermons and good advice. But the object of this note is not to abuse poor Edgar, but to borrow your crotchet needle. Please send it to me by the bearer of this. Yours, SERENA."

"O, Madge!" I cried, "you surely were not so cruel as to send Edgar *this*."

"I sent it," she replied. "I believe it was the very Evil Spirit of Darkness that put it in my head. Edgar returned the book, but said not one word about the note. For some time I feared he had not read it, but was soon convinced that he had by his altered conduct towards you. He would look at you sometimes with an expression of such grief and bitter pain that I really pitied him. But I soon discovered that I could make him smile, and I used my power. And now, this very day, when I felt sure that his heart was my own, even in the hour of my triumph, comes my *second* escape from the grave; and you, whom I had so cruelly wronged, risked your life to save mine. While you slept I thought over all these things; I thought also of the promise I made by Gertrude's lifeless and blackened corpse; and, armed with the strength of these recollections, I have told you all. I do not ask you to forgive me, or to love me, or even to pity me."

"How much sin and grief might have been spared to both of us," I said, "had you only confided in me, Madge. I could have told you that Edgar and I have never been more to each other than friends. There is a perfect understanding between us on that subject, although neither of us have ever spoken about either love or friendship. You need never have feared me as a rival."

"I did not think you loved him. No, no; I should not have been so wicked had I thought that. But I don't know," she added, after a pause, "perhaps I might. I only feared that he loved you. O! Miss M'Cloud, you do not know what a terrible thing it is to love hopelessly!"

I thought of my own almost hopeless affection, and pitied sincerely the impulsive, erring girl before me. She was pacing the room in violent agitation. Suddenly she stopped, and said:

"Miss M'Cloud, tell me truly your opinion. Do you think Edgar loves me?"

"I think he does."

A smile brightened her face, but only for a moment. "It is useless! it is useless!" she murmured, as she continued her walk. "This deed of mine will destroy it forever." Then, turning to me, she said, imploringly: "Grant me one favor. Do not make Edgar hate me!"

"Far be it from me to do that. He will pity you. A fault confessed is half atoned for, you know, dear Madge."

"Confessed! O, you will not tell *him*. I know I am asking a great deal, but think of the contempt he will feel for me, and spare me."

"But you forget, if he is not told this he will still regard me as a false and deceitful friend."

"Yes, I know, but he is only a friend to you. To me he is everything. If you have ever loved, you know how I feel. It will kill me for him to know of my sin."

In her earnestness she had sunk on her knees before me, and now she bowed her head until it almost touched the floor. I did think of my own love. I thought, too, of Gertrude's last words to me about Madge, and I said:

"Rise, Madge, I promise not to reveal what you have told me to Edgar or to any one."

She sprang up, and was about to throw her arms around my neck, but she drew back and said:

"No, I am not worthy of that, but I may say, God bless you!"

I took her hand, and, drawing her towards me, kissed her cheek, which was as cold as ice. She did not return my caress, but soon took her leave; and I heard her, a few minutes after, in the porch, talking as gaily to young Mrs. Wilson as if nothing unusual had occurred.

CHAPTER XX.

The next evening was the opening of the Fair. I waited awhile for Madge, but she did not come, and I went without her. The rooms were crowded, and I feared I should not be able to find her readily when she came. I need not have given myself any uneasiness. She attracted the attention of every one when she entered the room. She was dressed in almost oriental magnificence. Her dress and her hair glittered with gems. She was in one of her gayest humors, and seemed to be more admired than ever. She kept a flower table, and it was always surrounded. Edgar did not venture into this crowd, but he lingered near her, and his glance often followed her with undisguised admiration. She was conscious of this, and was content.

Occasionally she left the table and her crowd of attendants, to rest a few minutes in some sheltered recess, and at these times Edgar was always by her side. It would not be long, however, before her admirers would flock around her, when Edgar would quietly withdraw.

After one of these interruptions to his *tete-a-tete*, he came to the table where I was stationed. I noticed in what direction his eyes were wandering, and I said:

"Madge Greyson is very magnificent to-night."

"Yes," he replied, "that is exactly the word. She is not beautiful, or lovely, or even pretty. She is truly magnificent. She reminds me of the superb Crown Imperial."

"A bad illustration. You have selected a flower generally admired, but never liked, and it has always been the emblem of deceit."

I was sorry the moment the words had been spoken, but he was too innocent of evil himself to apply it readily to others.

"I will connect her with it no more then," he said, smiling; "she shall be the tulip—the pride of the garden."

A flower without fragrance, I thought, but I said nothing, and he soon after went away.

The evening did not pass altogether agreeably to me. Madge's communication the day before had made me nervous and dejected, and, as I watched her flitting about the Fair rooms, gayest among the gay, I felt somehow that I was the guilty one, and had injured Madge.

When we were leaving the rooms she came up to me, and said:

"As this is my last night in Sydney, I am going to spend it with you. I have asked Mrs. Clyde to have my baggage sent round in the carriage, and I will not interfere with your arrangements," she said, pleasantly, not noticing my coolness. "Mrs. Clyde will leave me at Mrs. Wilson's." So saying, she tripped gaily away, without giving me time to answer.

I sat awhile in the parlor after my return to Mrs. Wilson's, awaiting the arrival of Madge. Edgar was there also, but we were both very silent. I was thinking how I could endure that he, whom I had learned to regard as one of my truest friends, should think me false and unworthy—and all for what? The capricious affection of a spoiled child. I know not with what his thoughts were busied.

At length Madge came in, not with her usual bounding step, but with a slow and stately tread. Edgar advanced to meet her.

"We feel highly honored," he said, with grave courtesy, "that the Queen of the Evening should grant us her gracious presence. You received most devoted homage to-night, and surely no one could have deserved it more."

I had never heard Edgar compliment a lady before, and was utterly astonished. Madge blushed with delight and surprise. For once her readiness of repartee forsook her, and she averted her face without replying. Then, suddenly placing her small, white, jewelled hand in his, she said, looking in his face with one of her frank smiles:

"Do you think me beautiful, Mr. Dudley?"

"No," he replied, without hesitation, "but you are very charming."

Never, perhaps, had she looked more charming than at that moment, for she drooped her head in childish humility as he uttered the words, and a tear trembled on the long lashes that lay upon her cheek. She gently withdrew her hand, and, turning, left the room without speaking a word. I rose to follow her.

"If you are not too much fatigued," said Edgar, "I would like to detain you a minute."

I sat down, almost trembling, for I feared he might allude to what had passed during the last few weeks; but he merely wished to deliver a message.

"Old Mrs. Strong is very anxious to see you, Miss M'Cloud. I was there to-day, and found her very ill. She says you have not visited her for some time."

"It is true," I replied. "I have been very remiss. I have been so busy working for the poor collectively, that I entirely forgot they had claims upon me individually."

He did not reply directly to this, but spoke about some of his poor parishioners, in whom he knew I felt an interest; but he did not talk in the frank, confidential manner of old. The restraint in his manner was very evident, nor could I feel surprised, now that I knew the cause. While we were talking thus, Madge suddenly stood before us. She had taken off her rich dress and all her brilliant ornaments, and now wore a dress of dark cloth. Her hair was thrown back from her face and revealed her greatest deformity—that frightful scar. She did not give either of us an opportunity to address her, but, turning to Edgar, she spoke in the rapid manner habitual to her when much excited.

"Mr. Dudley, you just now told me that I was charming. I believe you think so, for I know you would not utter an untruth, even in compliment. I have come now to show you how charming I am without any of the adornments of art. But I have a much more hideous sight to reveal to you—my heart. Don't interrupt me. I *must* speak. You remember the note lying in the book I sent you. You read it, of course. I placed it there for that very purpose."

Edgar started, but replied: "Yes, I read part of it before I knew that it was of a private nature."

"That note was written by myself. Serena M'Cloud never wrote or spoke such words as those to me. The novels you saw were my own, and I told a falsehood about them. My whole course for the past few weeks has been one of deception and falsehood."

She ceased speaking as abruptly as she had commenced, and gazed earnestly into Edgar's face. I too looked at him in some curiosity to watch the effect the avowal might have made on him. I expected to read grief and disappointment in his countenance, but it beamed with a delight he did not try to repress, and, turning to me, he said:

"Forgive me, Serena, my unjust suspicions. I ought to have known better than to distrust you for a single instant. You are always truthful and sincere."

"I do not blame you," I said. "Circumstances were against me."

We turned to speak to Madge, but she had gone.

"What could have tempted that child, Serena, to carry on such a course of deception? I cannot imagine any reason she could have for disliking you."

It had evidently not occurred to him that she could have done it from love to him, and I felt glad that this part of Madge's secret had been unrevealed.

"She is a strange girl," I said. "I cannot understand her character at all." I then gave him an account of her behavior while at school, and of the events connected with Gertrude's death.

He listened attentively, and said, when I concluded: "I cannot think, Serena, that she is as bad as she seems. She might have left us still in ignorance. If showed some nobleness of soul to confess such a fault so frankly. Go to her, Serena, and tell her we are still her friends."

He had never called me Serena until that night. He seemed to like the name, for after that he never called me by any other.

I found Madge leaning out of the window. Gently drew her in.

"The air is too chill and damp," I said, kindly; "you must not remain here."

"I felt that I should suffocate," she said, "and opened the window, to breathe more freely."

"You should feel happy, dear Madge. You have behaved nobly to night."

She shook her head. "Not nobly, only justly. My conscience would not let me sleep last night, while I thought how I was still deceiving Edgar and wronging you. And it was so noble in you to consent to be misunderstood by one whom you esteem so highly, in order to save me from disgrace in his eyes. I admire nobleness in others if I have none myself; and to reward you, as well as to quiet my conscience, I resolved, this morning, that I would reveal all to Edgar. I came here to-night for that purpose. It has cost me a great effort, but I do not regret it."

"And you will never regret it. Edgar thinks you have acted nobly," and I repeated his message to her.

"I am convinced of one thing," she said slowly, almost painfully. "Edgar loves me not. I have deceived myself as well as him. Do you think now that he has loved me?"

I wished I could answer in the affirmative, but his delighted countenance when he discovered that it was Madge, and not I, that had deceived him, rose up before me and compelled me to say, hesitatingly: "I am afraid not."

She continued, more bitterly, "I saw very plainly, to-night, that he cared nothing for me so long as you were true. Perhaps it is better so," she added. "I do not deserve the love of such a man as Edgar Dudley. I was a fool to think for an instant that he loved me."

"My dear Madge, I do not think you a fool at all. I was only a looker-on, and you know I was deceived. I have thought for the past few weeks that he did love you. He certainly expressed more admiration for you than any other lady, but I can understand it all now. He considered you a very charming, agreeable child, and treated you as such. But youth is a fault you know, my dear, that we are overcoming every day. So do not despair, for time, if rightly used, will perfect your character, and may win the love even of an Edgar Dudley."

She smiled rather sadly, but did not reply, and the subject was not again renewed. I felt sorry afterwards that I had said so much. I had led her to hope for more than she could ever expect, for I felt in my secret soul that she was not the one to win Edgar's heart.

The next morning she left us. Edgar bade her an affectionate farewell, and told her he was glad she had promised to write to me, as he did not wish to lose sight of her altogether, after the many pleasant hours they had passed together.

A few weeks more passed away without incident, and brought the autumn time, when I had promised to go to Philadelphia; and then I too parted with Edgar. I can never forget that parting.

Mrs. Wilson and her niece were to accompany me as far as Boston. I was the last to get into the stage. Old Mrs. Wilson had forgotten her spectacles, and I ran back into the parlor to look for them.

Edgar sat by the table; his face buried in his hands. He did not see me enter. I stole softly up to him, and gently removed his hands. I was sorry I had done so, for his long lashes were heavy with tears. He rose and took both my hands in his.

"What is it, Serena?" he said.

"Only good-bye once more."

"Only good-bye, my friend," he replied, kindly.

I went to the door. Again I returned to him, and, looking up into his kind face, said: "You will let me call you brother when I write. Be a brother to me. I am very lonely without a brother's love to lean upon."

He placed his hand tenderly on my head and said, with emotion: "God bless you, my sister! It will be my greatest pleasure to promote your happiness."

I have never forgotten those words. Nobly and truly has he fulfilled them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SICK MAN'S DEED OF LOVE.

He was a poor cripple—with fingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved through their locomotion—a poor, unhappy, murmuring, and, at times, ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hard labor procured for him. For hours every day during spring, summer and autumn

hand, the low moving pulses took a lower beat —lower and lower—until the long suffering heart grew still, and the freed spirit went up to its reward.

"My benefactor!" sobbed the cripple, as he stood by the wasted form shrouded in grave clothes, and looked upon it for the last time, ere the coffin-lid closed over it. "What would I have been except for you?"

Are your opportunities for doing good few or limited in range to all appearance, reader? Have you often said, like the bed-ridden man, "What can I do?" Are you poor, weak, ignorant, obscure, or even sick as he was, and shut out from the contact with the busy outside world? No matter. If you have a willing heart, good work will surely come to your hands. Is there no poor, unhappy, neglected one to whom you can speak words of encouragement, or lift out of the vale of ignorance? Think! cast around you. You may, by a single sentence, spoken in the right time and in the right spirit, awaken the thoughts of some dull mind that may grow into giant powers in after time, wielded for the world's good. While you may never be able to act directly on society to any great purpose, in consequence of mental or physical disabilities, you may by instructive guidance, prepare some other mind for useful work, which, but for your agency, might have wasted its powers in ignorance or crime. All around us are human souls that may be influenced. The nurse who ministers to you in sickness may be hurt or helped by you; the children who look into your face and read it daily—who listen to your speech and remember what you say—will be better or worse, according to the spirit of your life, as it flows into them; the neglected son of a neighbor may find in you the wise counsellor who holds him back from vice. Indeed, you cannot pass a single day, whether your sphere be large or small, your place exalted or lowly, without abundant opportunities for doing good. Only the willing heart is required. As for the harvest, that is nodding ripe for the sickle, in every man's field. What of the time when the Lord of the harvest comes, and you bind up your sheaves and lay them at his feet?

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, February 6, 1861.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

In the western wilds, three hundred miles beyond the Rocky Mountains, and amidst other and loftier mountains still, there exists one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world—the Great Salt Lake. More than one hundred and fifty years ago, a vague knowledge of a great salt lake, in the far-off western wilds, was supposed to have been communicated by Indians to a French voyageur, named de Lontan, who was then Governor of a French colony in New Foundland. But its location was nowhere definitely fixed, and the most exaggerated stories of powerful and civilized Indian nations, living on a hundred cities on its shores, render the whole account as fabulous as a journey to the moon or the exploration of Symmes' Hole. In a work published by one Daniel Cox, in 1772, a special reference is made to the same subject, perhaps a lengthened shadow of La Houtan's narrative, which is cited as authority, and which was published in English, in 1735. Mr. Cox, in his book, says:—"It will be of great convenience to this country, if it ever becomes settled that there is an easy communication therewith, and the South Sea lies between America and China, and that in two ways, by the branch of the Great Yellow river, called by the natives Massorites, (Missouri,) navigable to its head springs, and which proceeds from a ridge of hills somewhat north of New Mexico, passable by horse, foot or wagon in less than half a day. On the other side are rivers which run into a great lake that empties itself by another great navigable river into the South Sea." There is no river or stream of any kind running out of Salt Lake, nor are the head-waters of any of the streams running into it in the same region of country at all with those of Missouri. But, nevertheless, this curious specimen of the early and conjectural knowledge of the interior of the continent, has been somewhat confirmed by actual discoveries. Accurate explorations have discovered that the head-waters of some main tributaries of the Missouri, as the Yellow Stone and the Big Horn rivers, do come within but a short distance of the head-waters of Snake river or Lewis' Fork of the Columbia, and that the Rocky Mountains, in the region of the sources of these rivers, as the northern extremity of the Wind river range, are very much depressed and easily crossed. And it may be further remarked, perhaps, as a curious coincidence, that the extreme northern bend of Bear river, one of the principal rivers which runs into Salt Lake, is but a short distance from Lewis' Fork of the Columbia, near Fort Hall.

The sources of the Missouri river proper and of the Columbia river, are several degrees farther north, and nearly opposite across the southern depression of the Bitter Root range of the Rocky Mountains.

But none of these streams could be navigated within several hundred miles of their sources, except, perhaps, with flat keel boats in seasons when the melting snows have swollen them almost into mountain torrents.

All the streams and rivers which run into Salt Lake have their sources in the Great Basin, and what is remarkable, none of them find their way out of it. They have no outlet to the great lake; it receives the waters of several large rivers, swollen annually by their mountain tributaries, but in no very extensive degree are the waters of the lake increased during the seasons of the most copious flowing of these rivers. What becomes of the water is a question, solvable only by the universal laws of nature, which keep the waters within these circumscribed limits in equilibrium, as the same is done on an immeasurably grander scale with the waters of the great oceans of the world.

It is remarkable that nearly all the rivers and streams which run into Salt Lake become divided into numerous shallow streams near the shores of the lake, and seem to lose the great volume of their waters by sinking into the extensive salt marshes and sandy artemesian plains which surround the lake. The same is the case with the springs which rise near the lake; they loose themselves in the marshes and in the sand, and cannot be traced to the lake. In the spring of the year, when the snow is melting, many of these springs are fresh, and furnish excellent drinking water, but as the snow wears away, they become salt and unfit to drink.

The principal streams which flow into Salt Lake are, the Jordan river, which is the outlet of Lake Utah, a large fresh water lake, some fifty miles south of Salt Lake; the Weber river, Box Elder, and Bear river, with its tributary the Mahadi; all of which are fresh water streams. Great Salt Lake, according to the United States Government survey, which was completed in 1850, is two hundred and ninety-one miles in circumference on the shore line. The storm line, as it is called, would make it much more extensive. This storm line is the extent to which the waters of the lake are driven by the frequent and violent winds which sweep over its surface, chasing the waters in rolling waves far out upon the salt marshes and sandy plains. The lake is oblong, being about twice as long north and south, as it is wide. There are several Islands in the lake, which obstruct the view of its whole surface. Of these, Antelope Island is the largest. It is sixteen miles long, and five miles across in its widest part, and it rises three thousand feet above the level of the lake. These Islands are all similar in appearance, being long rocky barren mountains, ranging north and south; the same being the general course of all the mountains in that region. And some of the mountain Islands are found innumerable quantities of wild waterfowl, such as gulls, ducks, white brandt, blue herons, cormorants and pelicans, and the eggs are sometimes found so thick upon the ground in favorite spots, that it is impossible to walk without tramping upon them; these fowls find their food in the rivers and streams which flow into the lake. No living thing of any kind exists in the waters of the lake. A deep dark colored substance is washed to the shore, which on the shore somewhat resembles very small dried leaves, and in the water looks like mud; this has been proved to be the larvæ of insects, and when disturbed it emits a most nauseating smell. Where they come from, is a question which has never been solved; perhaps they were winged insects and fell into the lake. The water of the lake is salter than any other upon the face of the earth. Persons engaged in boiling salt on the shores of the lake, say that three buckets of the water dipped out of the lake and boiled in an open wooden trough, with a sheet iron bottom, will yield one bucket of salt; or in other words, that it is one third salt.

The analysis of the water made under the U. S. Survey in 1850, says that the water contains more than twenty per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, and about two per cent. of other salts, making one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world. The specific gravity of the water is very great; this in the same analysis is given at 1.170, water being 1000. The water is so heavy or buoyant, that a person bathing in it can sit upright, with head, shoulders and arms out of the water, like sitting on a rocking chair; and a person can lay on the surface with head, hands and feet out of the water. In the lake the color of the water is a very deep dark blue, much more so than the ocean, but when taken in the hand it is transparent. The water in the lake is generally very shallow for long distances from the shore, and though it is deeper farther out, yet it cannot be said to be a deep lake. Its rapid changes, receding from one place and rolling out upon another, caused by the frequent and violent storms, which come sometimes suddenly without any premonition, sweeping over it with the resistless fury of tornadoes, render it very unsafe for navigation in boats; indeed, it is not considered navigable. This great Salt Lake is only used at present for boiling a little salt upon its dreary, barren, desolate shores.

THE SEIZURE OF THE CAPITAL.

When, in 1814, Great Britain sent a fleet up the Potomac suddenly and burned the peaceful Capitol, she inflicted an immense disgrace upon herself, because it was not fortified, but did us no comparative harm. Any attempt on the part of the seceding States to seize the Capital at Washington, though infinitely more disgraceful to the aggressors, would yet be so much more mischievous now to the whole country, that the slightest possibility of such a catastrophe ought to be watched and guarded against with the utmost vigilance. It would not be merely the loss of all the millions cost by the public buildings, not the destruction of at least three-fourths of the value of all the private residences, and stores, and building lots of a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, and of the land contiguous. It would not be merely the loss to history of the archieves, nor the attendant loss of life, but it would be a loss of the *national character* that would be disastrous, disgraceful and destructive of all the feelings which make the peaceful maintenance of the Republic possible, or even a peaceful separation, if no other cause should remain.

That there is at this moment a very powerful and dangerous conspiracy going on, with Jefferson Davis at its head, to form a new government for the seceding States, and pull down the National Government at Washington, there need now be no doubt. The only question among those engaged is, whether its seat shall be at Montgomery, Alabama, or Washington, D. C. In order to coax Virginia into the conspiracy, and for the sake of the prestige of the national name and authority, the possession of the Capital of the United States, if only for one month, would be worth millions to the seceders, and a cost of hundreds of millions to the country in its peace and power and history. He who holds Paris rules France, and Jefferson Davis maintaining himself in Washington would demand recognition of European powers, and win over one-half or three-quarters of the regular army. He would at least attempt the entire seizure and command of the navy, form a powerful military despotism, and create a civil war in every town and village of the country by all possible falsehoods and deceptions. Such a civil war for horrors the world has never seen as would in that case certainly arise, till the West was thoroughly aroused.

It seems almost incredible that any class of conspirators should be so mad and so wicked as to contemplate such a crime for a moment. But that there are conspirators ready to attempt it all, if there is only the slightest prospect of success, is now beyond doubt. And there never has been so strong a conspiracy before in the history of our government. Not *all* the South, or even *all* of the seceders would be persuaded to go into this. But there would be no effectual opposition to it from any quarter there. The telegraph would be unmolested in their hands, to be used against Washington, but not for it. The railroads would be broken up as against the United States Government, but not to prevent the transportation of troops from Charleston to Washington. The South is armed to the teeth with Sharpe's and the Maynard rifles, which make each soldier worth ten men armed in the old style. Governor Wise, in Virginia, and Jefferson Davis, in Mississippi, could bring on a large force of armed men, as fast as railroads could bring them, provided only that Washington were once in the hands of the secessionists for twenty-four hours.

Against this we have General Scott, with a few companies of flying artillery, in all perhaps a thousand men. But what is this with plotters against the Government, with Col. Hayne at head quarters, instead of being in a prison or sent away? There is a weakness and a paralysis about executive measures that astounds the country. General Scott is able, but younger men like Jefferson Davis with Floyd, thoroughly posted up, may prove more than a match for him and his plans, and end like the Star of the West at Charleston. The President could at once appoint reliable Marshals in place of any suspected ones; men who could and would call out the loyal forces of the Union, and crush this foul conspiracy like a rotten egg, at least so far as Washington is concerned. Unless this be done speedily, we may find a civil war, inaugurated with alternate victories and defeats, devastating the land for ten years to come. Already they are preparing in Canada for a large emigration.

THE PANIC IN FRANCE.

It is no doubt true that political panics beget pecuniary ones; and pecuniary, political; but in what order and where the effects shall cease is difficult to say. Any great disturbance of the balance of the political forces affects powerfully the surrounding nations, but often in a manner the most opposite to what would at first appear probable. It would *a priori* have seemed a most improbable thing that a movement of seceding slave States, to strengthen themselves in holding slaves, should produce the most powerful effects upon the political condition of nations of the old world, like France and England, who have both abolished slavery, and are only agreed upon not meddling with it in the United States, or anywhere else in such a manner as to do themselves harm. Yet it is quite within the range of possibility that our commercial troubles may prove that last feather which breaks the camel's back; and it may cause the Bank of France to stop payment, and inextricable confusion to the government. England has been threatened with bread riots, and it would be easy to show that the pecuniary troubles from which we at the North are now so rapidly recovering, may, from the complicated state of Europe, produce a year of revolutions of a terrible character.

It was the failure of a harvest that produced the first French revolution, and the bad harvests on top of an overstrained bank may have paved the way for a state of things we can hardly conceive. Napoleon has been a really great man in his management of the French nation, but he has had one great weakness—*extravagance*. His system of political economy has, in this respect, been specious, but rotten. He has built palaces, in fact the handsomest part of Paris has been built since he came into power. He has maintained an enormous army, and built a most costly steam navy. Arsenals and sea-ports and ship-yards, such as no monarch of France before attempted, he has accomplished, and from Russia to China, from Italy to Algiers and thence to Mount Lebanon, his arms have been uniformly successful in everything attempted, while his luxuries have exceeded those of Louis XII. But all has cost money. Loans have multiplied and the Bank of France has strained itself to manage his business. For some time past the Bank of England has looked at the paper of its rival across the channel suspiciously, and raised the price of discounts to stop the French trick of buying up gold and silver. Up to the very last reports it would seem that it was the dread of England becoming too much involved in the affairs of *France*, rather than America, which caused the rise of discounts. In spite of all purchases of gold, at enormous rates, the coin slipped out of France to this country, where it is becoming a perfect drug.

The reason for all this is clear. Usually we take a large supply of French cloths, French silks, wines, brandies, clocks, watches and expensive nick-nacks of all sorts. But in a panic these luxuries are the first to depreciate in price, often to one half of cost. But this year the panic has stopped the usual orders for goods, while the famine in France and our superabundance of wheat has produced heavy shipments, the produce of which has been drawn in gold to this country. The Bank of France may not have strength enough to stand, and have to stop the payment of its notes in gold. Good may arise out of even this. It will, in all probability, stop all Napoleon's war projects. But a less thing than this has overturned a French monarchy, and it may do so now. Napoleon is an able financier. But there is not the confidence in his solid character which gives stability and firmness to a money market in panics. In each difficulty he has recourse to a new device, and now he has survived difficulties in unexpected ways so often, that each pressure only makes us look for some new and successful trick to ease matters over the present, by making the future reckoning more severe when it does come. The great hope of Europe is, that this French panic will be just severe enough to stop France from any aggressive movement against the peace of Europe, but not enough to overturn the existing basis of things.

THE EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF THE COUNTRY.—The report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the finances, for the year ending June 30, 1860, has exhibits attached, containing many valuable statistics, and from which we condense the following information that, in the present state of the country, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers:

Value of imports for the year about	$362,000,000
Deduct specie, bullion, &c., imported,	8,500,000
Value of merchandise imported,	$353,800,000
Value of exports for the year about	$400,000,000
Deduct specie, bullion, &c., exported,	66,500,000
Value of merchandise exported,	$333,500,000
Excess of imports of merchandise,	$20,000,000
Excess of exports of specie, bullion, &c.,	$58,000,000
Value of Cotton exported about,	$192,000,000
" Tobacco " "	17,000,000
" Rice " "	2,500,000
" Iron " "	6.000,000
" Iron imported about	18,700,000
" Sugar " "	31,000,000
" Sugar exported	400,000
The amount of duties received about	53,000,000

BUSINESS AND PATRIOTISM.—The merchants of Mobile take rather a practical view of the secession business, and somewhat differing from that entertained by their clerks. The latter were the first to volunteer "to take the forts." It was a fine frolic, as there was no danger and a week's holiday. In their absence, however, some of the merchants supplied their places with other clerks, and the volunteers have nothing but their patriotism to subsist upon.

CONSPIRACIES.

When we read the pages of Sallust and the orations of Cicero, we are apt to congratulate ourselves that the world moves, and that what with Christianity on the one side, and the education of the people on the other, such characters, or at least such conspiracies as that of Cataline, are now rendered impossible. And yet there is not a more instructive page in the history of mankind for us just now in these United States than that which tells us of this most desperate and wonderful of conspirators, who died half a century before the birth of Christ. A Washington grand jury has proved this. Cataline himself was a worn-out first-family man, dissipated but desperate; a bold, daring, yet plausable senator, "always arriving," as Sallust says, "at the immoderate and excessive, and things out of probability." Yet all his worst characteristics were so well concealed, that he appeared respectable enough in public life to be first a Quæstor and then an Ambassador into Macedonia, followed by high command in the army under Sylla, whose unscrupulous agent he became. By means of lists of proscribed persons, he executed Lynch law upon numberless persons, and enriched himself by seizing and appropriating their property.

Such gains seldom last, and he saw no prospect of retrieving his own affairs, but by throwing those of the State into confusion. He, therefore, formed a conspiracy with a number of other young men of the first families and political influence, but dilapidated fortunes, to murder the Consuls and a sufficient number of the Senators, to leave them a working majority, and then seize the government. Pompey was sent off on foreign victories and afterwards induced to remain neutral, and the conspirators had gained over a number of the old soldiers of Sylla. It is said that this conspiracy failed twice, through a mistake in the signals of Cataline.

It is certain that Cataline ran for Cousul and that Cicero ran against him and defeated him. The next year Cataline and his coadjutors resolved, by force or fraud, to effect their object, of breaking up the government, and were as sanguine as unscrupulous.

Italy was kept without soldiers except the veterans of Sylla, who were ready at a signal under Manlius. Cicero believed the conspiracy was going on but could not prove it, or deemed it imprudent to do so, though he only escaped assassination himself by private information of the whole from the mistress of one of the conspirators. At last Cataline, having borrowed large sums of money, and Cicero being well posted up, accused him publicly in the Senate Chamber, and got a decree passed that "the consuls should see that the republic received no damage." This gave Cicero the power to put down the treason and save Rome from being seized and subjugated, if not fired and plundered.

Yet, so impudent was Cataline, that he withstood Cicero, and inveighed against him and the government as highly oppressive. At last, enraged that he could not carry the Senate, he defied and left them, threatening vengeance somewhat as certain Senators did on retiring the other day. Then he formed a desperate rebellion, led on his troops, and at last died, when defeated, sword in hand; his countenance in death itself wearing the terrible ferocity and cruelty of aspect that made the poet Virgil picture his punishment, in Tartarus, as the type of the irrevocable doom of the most vile. What Rome would have been, but for the lofty virtue of Cicero, none can tell. Cataline was one of a minority, it is true, but it was just that sort of a minority that make up by despotism, what they lack in numbers in wisdom or in virtue.

When the history of the recent conspiracy of Secretary Floyd and his associates comes to be written out, the parallel between it and the Cataline conspiracy will be seen to be most remarkable. There was not so much false swearing in the ancient conspiracy, not so much specious abuse through forms of law of lofty trusts. Altogether there was not the same scope of purpose or truly Satanic subtlety of contrivance, to pit one half a nation against the other. There were no stolen arms, forts and accoutrements for half a million. No treasury was emptied now, the mint funds stolen. But for that most splendid of all Cicero's invectives, the memory of the whole affair would have died almost out of history, like the exploded bomb of Orsini. We have been having, if we have not now, a far more horrible conspiracy than that of Cataline, acting in Washington during the last twelve months. But alas, it is not so easy to find the Cicero to immortalize the whole by a wise, virtuous and modest statesmanship that shall extinguish it, or the splendor of an eloquence that can embalm the deed and hand it down for the instruction of all coming time.

THE MILITARY MOB.

South Carolina and Florida, having invoked the war spirit, find it difficult to keep it within bounds. The authorities evidently are at the mercy of the military mob whom they have assembled, and, with no disposition themselves to begin war, they find themselves driven almost to the verge of hostilities by the impatience of those they are surrounded. At Charleston, Governor Pickens has lost almost all the military prestige his vigorous onslaught upon the Government property in the first instance had given him. The volunteers, who have doubtless never seen a fort assaulted in their lives, and think it a holiday pastime, have no stomach for diplomacy or the slow movements of policy. They came to fight, and therefore they denounce the politic Governor for his prudence and his caution. At Pensacola it is the same way. The large body of undisciplined troops assembled there cannot bear inaction, and it is fight or go home. This is the trouble that is always found with raw troops, unused to the discipline necessary to perfect command. The militia or volunteers drawn suddenly from their daily avocations to the field, though as brave as any troops, are uncontrollable, and, with arms in their hands, they are apt to dictate where it is their duty to obey. Intelligence from Pensacola, published in another column, shows what kind of military discipline prevails among the volunteers. They are ready to revolt if their wishes are not complied with. This intelligence also confirms the report that Lieut. Slemmer's wife has been taken prisoner, and sent away. This noble-spirited lady, we see, is about to have a testimonial of approval from the Union ladies of Washington City, on account of her devotion to her country and the gallant officer who is her husband. The arrest of a woman and the seizure of an hospital, are not exactly the acts the world will stop to admire in the progress of events which are hastening to the destruction of the Government.

THE SECEDING STATES.

The State Legislatures of South Carolina and Mississippi have been providing for the future financial wants of these sovereignties since they have set up for themselves. The tax bill of South Carolina proposes to raise $1,800,000. This includes certain extraordinary contingencies which may arise for the military and other exigencies of the State, amounting to about $900,000. The amount necessary to meet the pressing demands of the State, about $850,000, is provided for by direct taxation. Treasury notes and bills receivable in amounts of $50, $100 and $500 for about $700,000, are to be issued, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. This rate of taxation above that of the previous year is about twenty-five per cent. In Mississippi, there are two propositions for raising a sufficient amount of revenue. One proposition is to issue Treasury notes and bonds in such sums as from time to time are needed, not to exceed in the aggregate $5,000,000; nor to run for a longer time than five years; the other to establish a great State Bank, with a capital of $10,000,000, at Jackson; the State to be a stockholder in the bank to the extent of $5,000,000; and for the subscription a special tax to be levied and collected of the people at the rate of $500,000 per annum for ten years. The bank is not to issue more than three dollars to one of the capital stock, and after the 1st of March, 1862, the Legislature may compel the redemption of the notes in gold and silver.

LIBERIAN INTELLIGENCE.—The bark Mendi, a regular trader of the colored firm of Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar, has arrived at New York, laden with African produce. She brings accounts from Liberia to the 3d of December, on which day the Legislature of the republic commenced its annual session in a new and substantial stone building, erected for its use. With many topics likely to be acted upon, may be named the negotiation of a treaty with Hayti; the recaptured African subject, and the alteration of the tariff and confining of vessels engaged in foreign trade to ports of entry. Arrangements are in progress for holding the next annual fair at Sinoe. The sugar crop promised to yield donble as much as any previous year, and mills were greatly in demand in consequence of this gratifying increase. Letters from old settlers in the republic give a fair insight into affairs, and show them to be in a sound and encouraging condition. One of these says: "The capitol building here is nearly ready, and will receive the members of the Legislature for business at its regular session commencing on the first Monday in December next. It is a substantial and beautiful stone edifice, put up by Mr. Roe. Rice is very abundant. The merchants in this city are overstocked with it. Camwood is plentiful, and runs large. Business is quite lively. Liberia has a steamer. True, she has but one. The time was when America did not have any. All must have a beginning in improvements."

ARE WE AT WAR?—One of the New Orleans journals has letters headed, "Our War Correspondence." It seems to be recognized in that quarter that they are at war, though with whom or where the enemy is, it would be difficult to discover. If there is war, it is the most singular one ever known. All the armies are on one side and they are spoiling for a fight, which nobody seems disposed to indulge them in. While practising all these warlike vagaries against imaginary enemies, they are crying out continually against the justice of force being used against them.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, the Pacific Railroad bill took another important step forward in the Senate. All the amendments proposed were acted upon, and the bill was reported complete. The most important amendment proposed was one offered by Mr. Gwin, of California, to provide for a central route only, which was lost—25 to 22. Final action will soon be taken on the bill when it will be returned to the House for concurrence in the Senate's amendments. Mr. King, of New York, introduced a bill authorizing the Government to employ volunteers, and Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, one for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia, which were referred to the Military Committee.

On *Wednesday*, the Pacific Railroad bill was read a third time, and passed in the Senate by a vote of 34 against 14. It now goes back to the House for action on the Senate's amendments. A number of petitions and memorials relating to the national troubles were presented. The bill to provide for a temporary Government for the Territory of Jefferson, was taken up, and occupied attention until the adjournment. A motion to change the name to Idaho was adopted.

On *Thursday*, in the Senate, Mr. Seward, in presenting the monster memorial of the citizens of New York, in favor of the adoption of the border State adjustment of the troubles of the nation, delivered a long speech in exposition of his views and policy. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, in his comments upon the speech of Mr. Seward, thus pithily sums up the argument of the latter:—"He has recommended, first, to speak; next, to vote; next, to give money; and lastly, to fight." The debate commenced by Mr. Seward was participated in by Senators on both sides, and the impression gathered from the speeches is, that the incoming administration has resolved upon pursuing a coercive course towards the seceding States should all efforts for a peaceful settlement fail. Messrs. Douglas of Illinois, Hale of New Hampshire, and Wigfall of Texas, participated in the debate. The Senate adjourned during the debate.

On *Friday*, Mr. Ten Eyck presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, but took occasion to dissent from their sentiments. He did not believe that they truly represented the feelings of the people of New Jersey. A resolution offered by Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, providing for the appointment of a Committee of the House, in co-operate with a Committee of the House, in counting the electoral votes for President and Vice President, was objected to by Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, and laid over. The President's message was then taken up for further consideration, and Mr. Latham, of California, proceeded to address the Senate. When he had concluded, the Tariff bill was reported from the Select Committee, with amendments; and the Diplomatic, and the Executive and Judicial Appropriation bills were passed.

On *Saturday*, a number of memorials and petitions were presented. A resolution was passed appointing a joint committee to provide the mode of counting the votes for President and Vice President, and notifying the persons elected. The Indian appropriation bill was taken up, and, after several amendments were adopted, was postponed till Monday. Friday next was set apart for the consideration of private bills. The consideration of the post route bill, with the overland mail amendment, was postponed. The bill for the organization of the territory of Idaho was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, the debate on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was resumed, and Messrs. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, Harris, of Maryland, Winslow, of North Carolina, and Van Wyck, of New York, made speeches on the troubles of the nation now pending.

On *Wednesday*, the Speaker presented a communication from Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, announcing the passage of the Secession Ordinance in his State. Mr. Cobb, it will be recollected, did not leave at the same time with his colleagues a few days since, but preferred to wait until he received a certified copy of the Ordinance of Secession. He was present in the House yesterday, and made a farewell speech, in which he appealed to the Republicans to do something to reunite the States. After some further proceedings, consideration of the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three was resumed, and speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling, of New York, Stevenson, of Kentucky, Howard, of Ohio, and Morris, of Pennsylvania. In the midst of Mr. Conkling's remarks a message was received from the President announcing he had signed the bill for the admission of Kansas. Mr. Martin, of Conway, the Representative from the new State, subsequently made his appearance, presented his credentials, and took the oath of allegiance. A resolution was unanimously reported from the Committee on Elections, which declares that no testimony has been reported which impeaches the right of Mr. Sickles, of New York, to the seat which he now occupies in the House.

On *Thursday*, a number of memorials and petitions were presented. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Judiciary to inquire and report whether Martin F. Conway, claiming to represent the State of Kansas, has been constitutionally elected to represent that State. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency bill, but rose to enable Mr. Adams, of Mass., to make a speech on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three. After he had concluded, the Committee again resumed the consideration of the Deficiency bill, but without taking any vote adjourned, after having decided that the evening session should be solely for debate till 7 P. M. In the evening there were but about a dozen present, and the proceedings were very interesting.

On *Friday*, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the President, before the 1st of July next, to borrow $25,000,000, should so much be found necessary. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a substitute for the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three. Subsequently, the report was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, made a strong Union speech. H was followed by Mr. Stokes, of Tennessee, who also made a telling speech for the Union. An evening session was held for general debate.

On *Saturday*, a number of memorials were read. A bill was passed, after some discussion, authorizing the President, at any time before the first of July, to borrow on the credit of the United States, not exceeding $25,000,000, certificates to be issued for not less than $1000, with coupons payable semi-annually, with interest. The faith of the United States is pledged for the payment of interest and principal. A committee of five was then appointed to act with the Senate committee in providing means for the counting of the votes for President, &c. The Chiriqui amendment to the Deficiency bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Corwin gave notice that, subject to circumstances, he would move to close the debate on the Committee of Thirty-three's report on Thursday next. The House then adjourned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The following is a summary of the European news to the 16th, received by the arrival of the Bohemian at Portland on Wednesday. It is expected that an imperial decree will soon appear that if Piedmont makes war on Austria she need expect no assistance from France. Great military preparations are in progress. The Spanish Government has issued instructions to the commander of the fleet to keep strict neutrality at Gaeta. The bombardment of Gaeta was to have been resumed on Monday, the 21st. It is not true that the ships of any foreign Powers will take the place of the French fleet. The Sardinians have resolved to attack Gaeta by sea immediately. The London Times deprecates the secession movements in America, and says, should the southern confederacy become the real United States, so far as the present and prospective territory is concerned, it is doubtful whether the connection between New York and New England on the one hand, and Illinois and New England on the other hand, could long survive a total separation from the South.

The royal mail steamship Arabia, which left Liverpool on the 19th and Queenstown on the 20th ult., arrived at New York on Friday night. The advices are two days later than those received by the Bohemian, at Portland. The steamship United Kingdom, from Glasgow on the 20th, is also telegraphed as having passed Cape Race on Wednesday morning. The news by these arrivals is quite interesting and somewhat warlike. The most active exertions are being made in France to place the army in the most efficient condition—an addition of seventeen regiments of infantry being provided for. The French journals deny, however, that these preparations are for any specific object, and assert that they are made simply as a measure of precaution, and to be in readiness for any sudden contingency which may arise in the Spring. Warlike measures are also on foot in Denmark, in view of certain menaces from the Court of Berlin. The whole of her troops are being supplied with rifles, horses are being purchased, soldiers are being recalled from furlough, and the fortifications of critical positions are being carefully examined. Hostilities at Gaeta were still suspended, but it was intimated that the fire would probably be renewed very soon. Affairs throughout Italy were quiet. The political troubles in the United States continue to attract the attention of the British press. An article in the London Times is calculated to attract considerable attention here.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY have at last reached Yeddo and been safely landed. The President's letter has been delivered to the Tycoon, and he is delighted with it. An invitation has been extended to him to visit the Niagara. The Embassy have been received by their Government in the most enthusiastic manner, and it is said will probably be sent to other countries to make treaties.

CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the pony express, at Fort Kearney, we have received San Francisco advices to the 17th ult. A San Francisco jury recently gave a verdict of $7000 against Commodore Vanderbilt, in favor of a lady who fell and had her arm broken while getting on board one of the California bound steamers, at Panama. The decision in the famous Almaden mine case has been rendered in favor of the claimants, giving them the mines, but rejecting their claims to the adjoining land. E. R. Burnell (Douglas democrat) had been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Thirty prisoners made an attempt to escape from the State jail on the 16th. In the attempt to retake them, three were killed and thirteen were wounded. Only one escaped the pursuers.

The steamship Northern Light, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on Saturday. She brings a trifle over a million and a-half in specie.

Joseph L. White, of New York, was shot, on the 5th of January, soon after landing in Central America, by a Canadian Frenchman, named Guyett. He died on the 12th ult. The origin of the dispute was a difficulty about India rubber.

The steamer St. Louis had arrived at Panama from New York. Lady Franklin was a passenger.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

The Mint and Custom House Taken by the Secessionists at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 1.—The Mint and Custom House were quietly taken yesterday. To-day, the officials took the oath under the ordinance of the Convention. The report of the Committee on Citizenship comes up to-day.

The Charleston papers are jubilant over the fact that the brig Maria, Captain Billings, has cleared at Franklin, La., direct for the Republic of South Carolina. This is the first vessel that has been cleared direct for Charleston since the secession of South Carolina, and her papers were made out by the United States Collector at that port.

James Bolan, of Grahamville, S. C., has sent a donation of $1000 to Gov. Pickens, for the wants of the State.

Henry W. Herbert, master mason of the Gosport (Va.) Navy Yard, has tendered his resignation, because he is in favor of secession, and opposed to coercion.

Lieut. Wm. J. Hardee, of First Cavalry, U. S. A., (of Georgia,) has resigned. His resignation makes Major Wm. H. Emory Lieut. Colonel of the First Cavalry.

SEIZURE OF A FORT AND ARSENAL IN ARKANSAS.—We learn, through a correspondent in Arkansas, that several military companies from Pine Bluff and Little Rock started, on the 15th ult., to take possession of Fort Smith and the U. S. Arsenal near Little Rock.

TREASON IN GEORGIA.

The Georgia State Convention have passed an ordinance defining the crimes of treason and misprision of treason against that "Republic." The punishment for the first named is death; and for misprision confinement and labor in the penitentiary not less than five, nor more than ten years. Concealment of any knowledge of offence of a treasonable nature is made punishable by fine and imprisonment in jail.

COMMISSIONERS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA BEFORE THE FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A letter to the editors of the French Courrier des Etats Unis, dated Paris, January 15, states that the Commissioners from the State of South Carolina had arrived at Paris, and presented themselves to M. Thouvenel, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received them with becoming courtesy and respect, but without taking sides with them or making any engagements with them. The Commissioners were some days in Paris before presentation.

OPERATIONS OF THE VERA CRUZ SQUADRON.

The N. O. Picayune, of the 29th ult., says that the following is an extract from a private letter, from an authentic source at Vera Cruz, by the steamship Tennessee:

"It is said here that Mr. Pickett, U. S. Consul, recently arrived here on the Tennessee, has brought orders for Com. Pendergast to block ade the mouths of the Mississippi and Mobile Bay and protect Pensacola. It is certain that the St Louis, the Powhatan and the Sabine are about to leave for your port. A meeting of the officers of these vessels has in consequence been held, at which there was much excitement. Many of the officers of Southern born, have since resigned, saying they are sons of the South, and cannot draw the sword against them. The feeling in Vera Cruz is entirely with the South."

A large number of officers are reported to have already resigned or expressed their intention of so doing when their States shall have seceded, but the Picayune withholds their names until officially advised. In the meantime, the Powhatan, St. Louis and Sabine may be daily expected off Pensacola, where the Macedonian has preceded them.

CUSTOM-HOUSE CLEARANCES.

The Secretary of the Treasury has written to the Collector here confirming the statement which we made, that the only penalty which can be applied to the clearance of vessels from an United States port for a foreign country without the signature of a proper officer of the United States, is a fine against the master of $500, which penalty in no case attaches to the vessel or cargo. This penalty could only be inflicted in case the captain should return to a United States port, and the authorities should be disposed to prosecute him, and could prove their case. The Secretary also writes to the Collector that while the law must be enforced, and the Department could not in any advance grant indulgence for those who violate it, the Secretary of the Treasury has power in all cases to remit the penalty; and that where vessels are forced into any infringement of the laws by the circumstances of the case, while engaged in legitimate commerce, they may be sure of all proper consideration at his hands. This is all that could be said to clear the way for lawful enterprise, and there need be no farther trouble in the way of regular commerce.

The Department has for wise reasons abstained from formally assenting to the proposition made by some shipowners, to obtain a clearance at some port where United States officers were still in authority, in cases where no such officer could be found at the port of departure. It is clearly the right of any shipmaster to adopt this course under existing laws, and the preliminary sanction of the Department is not needed to render such a clearance free from all unfriendly opinion. Mr. Witty's experiments were mainly satisfactory. He endorses Raney, so far as he goes, but thinks there can be improvements upon his system.

NO AID TO REBELLION.—Capt. Parrot, of the large foundries at Cold Spring, opposite West Point, one of the foundries most extensively engaged in the casting of cannon in the country, has refused to fill any orders for cannon which may come to him from the Secessionists. At the time of the secession of Georgia, Capt. Parrot had large orders from the Government of that State for cannon, which he promptly returned on receipt of the news, and also refused to make any deeds of cannon already cast. A firm in Lion, N. Y., has also refused to furnish arms to the South.

DURATION OF LIFE.—By calculation, it is shown that of 1,000 individuals, 23 die in their birth, 277 from teething, convulsions and worms, 7 in measles, 2 women in child birth, 195 of consumption, asthma and other chronic complaints, 250 of fever, 12 of apoplexy, and 61 of dropsy. Or, in another point of view, of 1000 persons, 200 die within the first year, 80 in the second, 40 in the third, and 24 in the fourth; and within the first eight years of life, 445, or almost one half of the number, are cut off by premature death.

CAPT. SLEMMER'S WIFE ARRESTED AS A SPY.—The Mobile Advertiser says: "We learn from a letter from one of Capt. O'Hara's company, now at Pensacola, to his wife in this city, that the wife of Capt. Slemmer, commander at Fort Pickens, had been arrested at Fort Barrancas as a spy. She went to Fort Barrancas without any ostensible business, and the reasonable supposition was that she had come there to take notes of the position of things and report them to her husband."

BLOODY ENCOUNTER IN ALBANY, GA.—On Saturday, the 26th ult., a shooting affray occ

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.—The Charleston Courier thinks it is a melancholy evidence of the decay of public virtue that few military men are willing to resign, and very few officers, civil or military, can learn or practice resignation, when a large salary is opposed to duty or the promptings of rage." One of the best evidences of public and private virtue in the army and navy, is that there are so few officers or men in either branch of service ready to turn traitors to their country. If they had been as debased as the politicians of the country, the Floyds, Thompsons, Rhetts, Toombs, &c., they would have had no hesitation in betraying their country. The army and navy will hereafter rank higher in the estimation of the people, for they have proved that they at least can be depended upon to sustain their government in the hour of peril.

COL. W. J. HARDEE RESIGNED.—We learn that Col. W. J. Hardee resigned his commission in the U. S. Army yesterday, and has tendered his services to the Governor of Georgia. —*Savannah News, 30th ult.*

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"PAST THOUGHTS" are under consideration.

"THE NATIONAL MARSEILLAISE," by C. P., covers some strong expressions, and overflows with patriotism, but we have concluded that it would be best to defer its publication for the present.

"THE JANUARY THAW," "ONE FLY STILL LINGERS," and "THE LAST INTERVIEW OF ROBERT EMMETT WITH HIS BETROTHED," by Wm. G. Meacham, M. D., are all filed for publication.

"HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS," by E. C. D., we have filed far publication.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

We earnestly coincide with the views so ably expressed in a recent editorial of the New York Evening Post, a special and universal observance of the ensuing 22d of February as a national holiday. With the exception of political meetings and the press, there has been no opportunity for the strong and prevalent Union sentiment of the country to find expression. Around the name and memory of Wasdington the dearest and holiest national associations cluster; let his example, his precepts, his matchless patriotism be revived to the popular heart, on the next anniversary of his birth; and the effect will be salutary; it will awe treason and eloquently illustrate the national feeling. Arrangements should be made at once to celebrate the occasion in some suitable way in every city, town and village throughout the country, with unanimity and emphasis.

DIPTHERIA—WHAT IS IT?

Doctor Wynne read a paper on Diptheria before the Academy of Medicine, at its January meeting, in which he explained its object and scope. This disease had now become fairly domiciled in the United States, and, for ought he knew, was destined to become as alarmingly fatal as in France, where for the last quarter of a century it had prevailed with such fatal results that scarcely a department was exempt from its ravages. The systematic treatises on the practice of medicine in the hands of most of the physicians in rural districts were silent upon this disease, and the only information at their disposal was to be found in the medical journals, which were either intended to describe some local outbreak, or were desultory in their character. Diptheria is not a new disease, but prevailed extensively in the East at an early period. Dr. Wynne cited the description given by Cretius, a contemporary of Galen, of the Molum Syriscum, which in its essential characteristics corresponded with this disease. Macrobius described an epidemic of it at Rome, B. C. 380. At a later period it committed great ravages at Naples, throughout Syria, in Holland, and finally visited the United States in 1736. It had been lost sight of for some time, until its appearance at Tours in 1818, from which time it has prevailed in the different departments of France. In 1857 it crossed the Channel, and proved very fatal in England, and in the following year manifested itself in the United States and in South America at points so remote from each other as totally to preclude the possibility of its introduction by contagion. Instances, however, had occurred, which showed that, under certain circumstances, it was susceptible of communication in this mode. The symptoms were pointed out, and the different modes of treatment compared and analyzed.

THE MAYOR'S MESSAGE

Was sent in to the Councils on Thursday. It is very long, but touches upon various subjects of local interest, with suggestions of improvement. The total funded debt of the city is $20,962,408, as near as can be ascertained. During the past year the sum of $361,000 has been added to this debt. The deficit in the finances of the city is $360,000. The revenue provided by the last tax rate was not sufficient for the expenses of the city. The Mayor objects to the exemption from taxation of church property and benevolent institutions as unjust and unequal in its operation, and at variance with the theory of government, which exacts no tax for the maintenance of religious belief. The defects in the systems of valuation, and assessment and collection of taxes have not yet been remedied by legislation. From the financial condition of the city the Mayor turns to the various departments of the municipal government, and shows their operations and cost. He believes that the cleaning of the streets might be advantageously placed under the supervision of the Board of Health. Any supervision would be better than the miserable system now in operation, which costs a great deal of money and leaves the streets almost in as filthy a condition as if a cent had not been expended upon them. The expediency of selling public halls not in actual use by the city, is again urged. They are now an actual expense to the city. The Mayor very properly sustains the rights of the city by reprehending the attempts in Harrisburg to legislate for municipal subjects without the city approval. He considers it dangerous and oppressive legislation to invest any commission with the power to levy a tax without regard to the wishes of the community who have it to pay. He renews his suggestion that the city purchase the fire apparatus and employ the police to put out fires, as a much less expensive operation than the present, and condemns any further increase of the number of steam engines. He believes that Girard College ought to extend its bounty to a larger number of orphans. The suggestions of the Mayor are generally such as the public will approve.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE AMONG THE SECESSIONISTS.—The secession members of Congress seem disposed to avail themselves of all the advantages of the Union, notwithstanding they say they are out. Mr. Ashmore, of South Carolina, writes to Postmaster Dix that he has received a large amount of public documents, but wishes to know if he may frank them. The Postmaster General says in reply that the Government cannot alter the relations existing between it and the States, and, therefore, not recognizing the right of any State to secede, the members of Congress from such State are still entitled to the franking privilege. He adds, very significantly,

"If, however, as I learn is the case, you sincerely and decidedly entertain the conviction that by that act South Carolina ceased to be a member of the Confederacy and is now a foreign State, it will be for you to determine how far you can conscientiously exercise a privilege, the exercise of which assumes that your own conviction is erroneous, and plainly declares that South Carolina is still in the Union and that you are still a member of the Congress of the United States."

After this delicate reminder we should think Mr. Ashmore would know whether to consider himself in the Union or not, and whether he can consistently use the franking privilege.

THE SECESSION TROUBLES are helping the railroads, if they are prostrating every other kind of business. The cotton of the South is now finding its way to market overland, instead of taking the seaboard. The Pittsburg Chronicle says, in November, as it finds by the books of the Pennsylvania railroad, six thousand one hundred and six bales went over that line. The amount shipped in December, owing to the condition of the river, was but three thousand and sixty-six bales; but in January it reached eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-one, so that for the last three months we have a total of eighteen thousand one hundred and twenty-three bales. There are now three thousand bales on their way to Pittsburg, and much more lying at Memphis and Cincinnati, the whole destined for Philadelphia, New York, Lowell, &c., *via* the Central road. And with all this the business has but begun to develope itself. Six months hence, should the present troubles continue, and the great bulk of the cotton carrying trade of the seceding seaboard cities will take the inland route to the Eastern States.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Bless their loving souls! it is said Mr. and Mrs. Burch, of Chicago, are reconciled and will commence housekeeping again.

. . . . Druidical remains, similar to those in Ireland, and the boar-stones of England and Scotland, have been discovered in India.

. . . . The fraternal advice of the Providence Journal to Kansas is: "Now, young sister State, don't you go and secede before we have had a chance to spend a few millions on you."

. . . . The Mobile Mercury, referring to Northern supplies, says—"The only thing we are troubled about is in respect to ice. This is a product—and the only product of any use—at Alabama can't raise."

. . . . Emory A. Hayden, a boy ten years of age, has recovered $1,875 and costs of the Smithville Manufacturing Company, Williamantic, for losing a hand in the cog-wheels of a spinning-frame in their mills, which the company had negligently left uncovered.

. . . . The report of the death of the Duke of Sutherland is contradicted by the London papers of the 17th ultimo. His Grace has been suffering from serious illness for some time past, but his condition is not regarded as hopeless.

. . . . A man froze his fingers at Dubuque, the other day, and his wife undertook to thaw them out by rubbing them with a mixture of snow and salt. They instantly became stiff, and he now stands a fair chance of losing them by amputation.

. . . . The Troy Budget mentions the case of a lady who walked from Troy to Albany in her night-clothes, on Sunday week, while in a state of somnambulism. It is a query how any person, rendered unconscious by sleep, could walk so great a distance without waking, and especially in cold.

. . . . It is said that a battalion of firemen, from New Orleans, composed of one engine, one hose and one truck company, intend to visit the principal cities of the North and West, in the ensuing summer. Among the places they contemplate visiting, we may mention New York, Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

. . . . A well-dressed man was lately brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Paris, charged with stealing the Angora cat of a neighbor and serving it up to her for supper as "jugged hare." The lady gave her testimony with much emotion, and the culprit, who tried to make it appear that it was all a joke, was fined thirty francs.

. . . . Judge Hoadley, of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, in a suit growing out of the practice quite common some time since, of railroad agents issuing bills of lading for property before it came into their possession, has decided that a bill of lading transferred to a railroad agent under such circumstances does not constitute the latter a *bona fide* holder of the same.

. . . . Duff Green has been to see the President elect, and had a long conversation with him. Green reports it, (almost all of it is his, Green's), but it does not amount to much, and indicates nothing. Green got the impression, that Lincoln would not be sorry, if Congress acceded to Crittenden's propositions—but Lincoln did not say so.

. . . . A party of negroes gave a grand ball near Albany last week. Six distinguished colored gentlemen were driven thither by a white coachman. In a spirit of courtesy they invited him to enter the hall. He accepted the invitation, and was a pleased spectator, until the aroma arising from the sable waltzers became somewhat pungent, and as it grew more powerful he prepared to leave. Just at that moment one of the colored managers approached with much politeness, and said the ladies desired the coachman to leave the room. The manager regretted to make the request, but the ladies insisted, because they, he said, he smelt so much of the stable!

. . . . Mr. Garrison says, "the assertion that every cause must stand or fall by the verdict of the Bible,' indicates a tread-mill reverence or a traditional credulity, and not close, independent thinking. We totally dissent from this postulate. The Bible has settled nothing in theology, science, morality, or religion, beyond the prevailing opinions of the times. Every cause must stand or fall' by its own inherent character or properties, whatever may be the verdict of the Bible respecting it. Neither human rights or human obligations originate with or depend upon anything in the Bible." Yet we do not know of a writer or a speaker more profuse than Mr. Garrison in his quotations from the Bible to sustain his positions.

. . . . A Washington letter says of New Year's celebration at the capital: "Senator Douglas probably received more calls than any one, except the President, and his palatial mansion was crowded all day. Mrs. Douglas, majestic and Juno-like, received the guests as they were presented to her by the 'Little Giant,' who does not as yet despair of saving the Union. In the dining-room was a sumptuously spread refreshment table, ornamented with an immense bouquet, and supplied in old Virginia style, with egg-nogg, apple toddy and solid eatables, as well as wine and confectionery. At this hospitable board the North and the South mingled fraternally, and even such secessionists as Pryor could not decline to drink to the standing toast, 'The Union.' Senators Seward and Trumbull were visited by all the Republicans, and seemed in no wise cast down.

. . . . A Northern young lady, Amelia L. Baker, a music teacher in the interior of Alabama, denounces in the Washington Constitution the story that a young lady recently from the North had been tarred and feathered in the interior of that State, as a base fabrication. "I also," she writes, "am a music teacher, a young lady recently from the North, in the interior of Alabama;" and though branded by some as an abolitionist, for purposes best known to themselves, I have invariably met with nought but kind treatment. I have had numerous opportunities of watching the 'peculiar institution,' not only in the cotton-growing States, but also among the sugar plantations, further South; and here let me say, the condition of the slave puts to shame the philanthropy supposed to be so generously extended to the free negro of the North. The weddings, merry-makings, and feastings among the 'sables' during the past holidays formed a strange contrast to the quiet and somewhat anxious demeanor of their masters."

LITERARY RECORD.

Negroes and Negro Slavery. By J. H. Van Evrie, M. D. Van Evrie, Horton & Co.: New York.

The publisher's circular accomaanying this book says: "The author of this publication has devoted several years to the great and agitating question of the so-called Negro Slavery, especially to that portion of the general subject embracing the *specific* character of the negro, and his natural relation to the white man. He endeavors to demonstrate that the negro is not a black-white man, or a man merely with a black skin, but a different and inferior species of man, and hence ought necessarily to occupy a different and inferior position—that nature has not given him the specific faculties, capabilities, wants, etc., of the white man, and hence that the social laws which apply to the one race cannot apply to the other. He therefore holds, that all the charges against the social system of the South, being based on false assumptions, are themselves necessarily false; that so-called slavery is neither a wrong nor an evil, nor is its extension dangerous, but that it is a normal condition, a natural relation, based upon the higher law, in harmony with the order, progress, and general well-being of the superior, and absolutely essential to the very existence of the inferior race. The arguments bearing on the subject are presented in a popular form, and as far as possible, the use of scientific terms has been avoided, in order to make the work acceptable to all classes. The time has now arrived, indeed, is upon us, when the gigantic falsehoods concerning the negro character, and the social institutions of the South, must be exploded. The confederacy is even now crumbling into pieces from the doctrine that an 'irrepressible conflict' exists between the Northern and Southern systems of society, when, in reality, they are entirely harmonious in theory, and would be so in practice, if the truth were only revealed concerning the negro."

A Message from the Sea and the Uncommercial Traveller. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These enterprising publishers of the works of Dickens have just issued this, his last production, in one volume, large octavo form, uniform with all the other works of "Boz" by these publishers. A cheap edition, in paper covers, suitable for mailing to any part of the Union, is issued at the very low charge of fifty cents per copy. Of the works of Dickens commendation is quite unnecessary. Every title-page bearing his name as author, is sufficient introduction to the contents that follow.

The Deer Slayer. By J. Fennimore Cooper. New York: W. A. Townsend.

S. McHenry, sole agent in this city for the sale of Darley's Illustrated edition of Cooper's Novels, has just sent us a copy of his admirable story, "The Deer Slayer," in uniform style with the twenty-four volumes of the same author's novels that have preceded it, one a month, for the last two years. Each volume contains one complete story, two engravings on steel and twelve sketches on wood, designed by Darley expressly for this edition, and engraved by the first artists of the country. This is one of the most beautiful sets of novels ever published.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Philadelphia public will be delighted to learn that Mr. James E. Murdoch, the most accomplished light comedian now on the stage, is playing an engagement at the *Walnut Street Theatre*, having opened on Monday evening in his favorite character of "Rover," in the comedy of "Wild Oats." Mr. M. opened to a full and most enthusiastic audience, and performed the part as no other man, as we believe, can perform it. He continues his engagement throughout the week, and presenting the double claim, as he does, on the favor of Philadelphians, of a native of our city, and extraordinary merit as an actor, there should be no abatement of audiences nor falling off in enthusiasm. Besides his professional claims, Mr. Murdoch has ever enjoyed the reputation of an intelligent and upright gentleman, traits of character that do not always accompany genius, which is often, and especially on the stage, seen to be erratic.

Miss Cushman concluded a long and successful engagement at the *Arch Street Theatre* on Saturday evening. She will probably take leave of Philadelphia, professionally, forever. That she is a great actress in her peculiar line is not to be questioned. Indeed, being a woman of great intelligence, with a lifetime experience on the stage, she can never be commonplace. Her great fault, if it be a fault, is that she is painfully real in the personation of scenes and incidents that are naturally revolting, and which her intense dramatic power fastens on the mind to the pain rather than the pleasure of her auditors. The same dramatic power expended on a pleasing subject would render Miss Cushman's personations immortal. Her "Hamlet," though outside of her sex, is spoken of as her greatest, after her "Meg Merriles" and her "Nancy Sykes." She is succeeded this week by Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who opened, on Monday evening, as "Julia," in he "Hunchback."

The "Seven Sisters," at *McDonough's Olympic Theatre*, seem to have taken the town quite by storm. The drama is piquant and amusing, the scenes fresh and striking, the drill by the female Zouaves surprisingly exact, and the last scene, "the Bower of Ferns and the Lake of Silver, introducing the Birth of the Butterfly," is the most beautiful thing of the kind ever shown at any theatre in this city. The theatre is nightly crowded, the seats for ladies to the utmost capacity of that part of the house, being secured three and four days in advance. Mr. McDonough has put the piece on the stage in a manner alike creditable to himself, his theatre and the city. It is such representations of the truly beautiful in amusements that should command admiration and encouragement, as tending to elevate and refine, thereby discouraging the low and sensual. The piece is now in its second week without abatement of favor.

The Stereopticon in charge of Messrs. Abel and Leyland was opened for exhibition at the *Assembly Building*, on Monday evening to a fine audience. The beauty and elegance of the pictures, true to nature, magnified from small photographic views to a colossal size, render them objects of great interest to the admirers of true art. The entertainment is, indeed, without an equal. In addition to the regular views, there will be represented upwards of forty local ones, of the most popular places in and near our city. One of these represents the inside view of old Christ Church, and the old pew in which General Washington sat.

Rarey, the world-renowned horse-tamer, has been in town several days, and will open his exhibition, at the *Academy of Music*, this (Tuesday) evening. He will give his lecture on horse training, illustrating his theory by his own high-bred steed. This will be interesting to all.

Sanford continues in the full tide of successful experiment. Varied and attractive entertainments and full houses nightly.

Blitz has opened his budget of wonders at Jayne's Commonwealth Building, on Chesnut street, to the great delight of those who love to laugh.

The *Zoological* collection, on exhibition, at the Government Buildings, on Chesnut, below Fourth street, is now most complete.

THE SEPARATION OF THE STATES.

The N. Orleans True Delta, a journal which, amid all the political speculations and excitements in its section, preserves its calmness and its good sense, and can reason dispassionately upon the events and the issues likely to grow out of secession, does not believe that either section of the country would be irretrievably ruined by a separation, unless it is accompanied by civil war, the end of which no one can foresee. The general loss would be great, and it believes that secession has cost the country now many millions of dollars. But it argues:

"The free States will still have remaining to them their maritime strength, their mines and their minerals, their foreign trade, their varied soils, their capital, their industry and their eighteen millions of inhabitants; while the slave states, on their side, will have their soil of vast extent and unsurpassed fertility, their wealth-producing products of rice, tobacco and sugar, and a monopoly of the cotton market, their valuable body of slaves, their enterprising commercial class and their fortunate climatic position. To predict the ruin of either section of a country so circumstanced, unless they are insane enough to engage in a destructive civil war, seems to us to be trifling with the intelligence and common sense of the public."

This is a sensible and correct view of the matter. The danger of civil war arises, not from any present disposition to rush into it, notwithstanding all the Southern papers have to say about coercion, but from the separate interests which secession will create and the irritations and provocations which would arise between the separate divisions. If bad blood exists at present between them, when they have the laws of the country to redress their grievances, what would be the enmity which would arise when conflicting interests and opinions, aggravated by separation, and controlled by no obligation of law or comity, should intensify their feelings and afford motives to gratify them? To our view, there is no present or prospective advantage in secession, and as a rule of action for apprehended mischiefs merely, it is fatal to any government, or any hope of permanent nationality.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—The Persians have been for some time carrying on a war with the Turkomans, and were generally successful against those predatory and warlike people. But it appears that the Persian army, 60,000 strong, under Hanza Muza, has sustained a terrible defeat, and the army was totally routed after much slaughter. The particulars of the affair have not any further transpired. The report as far as given comes in letters to this country from Constantinople.

THE NUMBER OF DEATHS in this city last week was 261—of which 115 were adults and 146 children.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESS—2d Session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.

SENATE.—Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution of inquiry, asking the President to communicate to the Senate whether any forts, arsenals, arms, or munitions of war belonging to the United States have been seized by any persons in the State of Louisiana, and especially whether the Mint of the U. States at New Orleans has been taken possession of unlawfully by any persons; and if any money of the United States, and how much, has been unlawfully appropriated by persons, and by whom. Laid over.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, sent up to the Clerk's desk, to be read, the ordinance of secession passed by Louisiana.

Mr. Slidell said that the document just read, which places on the official record the fact that Louisiana has ceased to be a component part of the United States, terminates the connection of himself and colleague with this body. The occasion calls for some words in parting from those whom we leave—some of whom we hope to meet again in the noble task of constructing a new Confederacy. He said that the new Confederacy would not attempt to improve on the Constitution of the United States, but would recognize all the existing obligations, those respecting the African slave trade included. It would be willing to assume a just proportion of the public debt, and account for all the property of the United States which the authorities had been compelled to seize in self-defence, and would recognize the right of the inhabitants of the valley of the Mississippi to free navigation, without tax or toll of any kind. They hope and wish for peace; but the decision of this question will depend on the free States. He said the North might, if it choose, consider them bound to the Union, and deny the right, he would not say of secession, but of revolution, or rebellion, if they choose to call it so. They might ignore the Declaration of Independence and attempt to reduce the South to subjection, and might declare a blockade; but the South would meet them, and permit no introduction of the commerce or of the manufactures of the North, and would meet them on the sea, under the old flag, for they did not intend to give up the flag—it belonged to the south as much as to the north—and we could get vessels from the same places which now carry on the slave trade, New York and New England. He referred to the blockade of the ports, and thought that foreign nations would not admit of any such thing. But they of the South would not commence the fight. He denied the charge that this movement was in consummation of a long-contemplated plot, and claimed that it was the calm and deliberate action of the people. He referred to the many kindnesses he had received in the Senate, and bade all farewell.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, said that, on an ordinary occasion, it might be enough to say that he fully concurred with his colleague. But he could not be insensible to the solemnity of the occasion. He then proceeded to argue against the assertion that Louisiana could not go out of the Union, because it was bought as the property of the United States. He contended that Louisiana was not legal in any event of the way. You could not buy the sovereignty of a State. Louisiana was acquired under a treaty, which guarantied to the citizens of the Territory protection of their property, and they had slave property there; and he claimed that Louisiana had special reasons for going out, because the treaty stipulations under which she was acquired were broken entirely by the Government. You must first deny the sovereignty of Virginia before you can deny that of Louisiana.

The people of the South glory in such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden and burst from the lips of Henry, and shed halo around the name of Washington. Parliament was then invoked to take measures for the better execution of the laws, just as now a servile executive under the sinister counsels of fanaticism, proposes the same thing, even in States that have not seceded. Even in Virginia the suffrages of the people are taken under the menaces of a frowning fortress. In bidding farewell to the Senate, he could not forget the many friendly relations he had formed with many from whom he was radically separated in politics, which had inspired him with esteem and respect, and which he would not willingly forget. From the Senators from the slaveholding States he parted as on a temporary absence. He paid a high tribute to the North and to the generous friends who stood by him in

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ALONE.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

Alone! alone! how mournfully
The darkening shadows fall!
They shroud my heart in deepest gloom,
Around me throw a pall.
No flowers spring along my path,
There's no dear spot my home;
No loving eye, no tender words—
I'm all alone, alone.

It was not so in years agone,
When weary, bruised, and needing rest,
I sought my childhood's happiest home,
And leaned upon my mother's breast;
And heard her pray, in accents mild,
"Oh, holy God! oh, Savior blessed,
Teach this, Thy suffering, bleeding child,
Thou chastenest most when loving best."

Ah, no! nor when my father placed
His loving hands upon my brow,
Then drew me close in strong embrace,
And whispered, "Rest in quiet now,
Our darling child, and gather strength
To breast the waves, beat back the foam
Life's storms may raise around your path,
When we from earth for aye are gone."

It was not so in days of yore,
When gathered a dear household band,
I heard a brother's words of cheer,
And felt the clasp of sister's hands;
And played beneath the gnarled old trees,
That girced round that peaceful home,
Those hours are passed, the years have fled,
And I, alas, am all alone.

Alone! alone! oh, bitter thought!
Upon the couch of pain,
I toss the long, long night away,
And pray for morn again.
There's none to bathe my aching head,
To cool my fevered brow,
To whisper gentle, loving words—
Alone I suffer now.

Yet not alone! oh, wayward heart
Be still, for *God* is *near*,
And holy angels hover round—
A Saviour, too is here.
My Father speaks, "Ah, stricken one,
Dost know my promise given;
A Father to the fatherless,
I watch you from on Heaven!"

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

COST AND PROFIT OF ORCHARDS.

The cost of planting an orchard, and the profits of the orchard when it comes into fruit-bearing, form another subject of great importance. And hence the opinions of experienced cultivators of fruit will serve to give us correct views on it. Henry F. French, of Exeter, New Hampshire, says: Apple trees, well-cared for, will commence bearing in three or four years after planting, and in eight or ten years produce a good crop, and will endure for generations. * * * From an acre of orcharding of forty trees under proper treatment, at maturity, say twenty years from transplanting, one hundred barrels of fruit would be a small crop, and its value ranges from $1 to $3 per barrel. The first cost of trees, and setting out, will not exceed $20 an acre, and for several years, and until the trees commence bearing, the cultivation of the land for other purposes will be very little obstructed by them. The selling price of land is increased every year by their growth, and there can be no doubt that the demand for apples, and especially those of Northern growth will increase beyond any present prospect of supply. (Ag. Rep. 1849, p. 275-6.)

And Mr. French, in a still later communication, says: John A. Lowe, Esq., of Exeter, set sixty trees about three years from the bud, in his orchard in the spring of 1843, and forty more in the fall of the same year. They bore a few apples in 1847 and 1848. In 1850 he gathered six barrels, in 1851 twenty-one barrels, and in 1852 fifty barrels of fruit of the best quality. * * * It would be a fair estimate that fifty trees, which would stand upon an acre at the distance of about thirty feet apart, would produce an average annual crop of sixty barrels of apples, worth at least $60. It is not uncommon to see a single tree bear ten barrels of fine apples, and instances have occurred where *sixteen* barrels have been gathered at once from a single tree. At the lowest rate of product that any man in his senses, who has ever properly cultivated an orchard, would estimate as a common crop, an apple orchard will give *four times* as much in profit as the same quantity of land in grass for hay, with less cost of cultivation. (Ag. Rep. 1852, p. 23.24.)

W. Bacon, of Berkshire county, Mass., says: We will suppose the cost of an apple tree, when set, to be $1—that is 18 cents for the tree, and 82 cents for digging the hole, preparing compost to place around the roots, and setting the tree. Then add 50 cents a year for digging about it, pruning and protecting it from insects. At the end of ten years the tree has come into vigorous bearing, and the cost, exclusive of ground rent, which is paid by the increase of other crops, is $5 50. Eleven bushels of apples will pay for this, and the tree, if it has done well, has more than given this. From that time, then, there is an increase of profit without increase of labor. (Ag. Rep. 1851, p. 168.)

A. H. Barton, of Oswego county, New York, says: It is highly important that the trees should have a higher cultivation in the orchard than they receive in the nursery, in order to attain a size to bear a crop of apples as soon as may be. To this end it would be best to keep the field under the plow, and to raise hoed crops for the first few years at least, using a good supply of manures. With such cultivation and a common blessing, it may not be extravagant to estimate the crop of fruit at the end of sixteen or twenty years to average eight bushels of fruit per tree, or 360 bushels per acre worth 25 cents per bushel—making the crop worth $90 per acre, besides a remunerating crop of grain, grass or roots on the same. I know of many orchards that yield a larger revenue than that. I planted an orchard fourteen years ago last spring, and the trees in the thirteenth year after they were transplanted, averaged an income of $3 50 per tree. (Ag. Rep. 1852, p. 207-8.)

Abraham Preble, of Lincoln county, Maine, says: One hundred trees planted on an acre of land, will cost on an average, $25. About $25 expended in care and labor will bring them into a bearing state. When an acre of trees is in its prime, it will average 400 bushels per annum, provided the land is kept rich and loose, and the trees well managed, average price 66 cents per bushel. (Ag. Rep. 1853, p. 264.)

Now these statements will give the reader a fair idea of what it will cost him to set out an apple orchard and cultivate it until it begins to bear fruit, and how soon he may expect fruit, and the value of his fruit per bushel. But in order to have a still clearer idea of the profits of a good orchard, let us look at facts presented by H. F. French aforesaid. Mr. French says. *Facts* are more valuable than theories, and I will illustrate my idea of the *profits of apple growing* by a statement of what I know about two small orchards in my native town of Chester, and I give the statement not as extraordinary at all, for I think hundreds of instances of greater profit might easily be found, but I give them merely as illustrations, and as a safe basis of calculation.

One of the orchards referred to is owned by Mr. Jos. Robinson. It covers about two acres of land. The trees are only from twenty to twenty-five feet apart, so that the branches are much interlaced, and the fruit is principally the Baldwin and Russet. The products in 1849 were 260 barrels of marketable apples, which were sold at home at $2 62 per barrel, giving more than $650. And this may be reckoned net profit, as the fruit of inferior quality would pay all expenses of care of the orchard and gathering the fruit. In the year 1847 Mr. Robinson refused the offer of $600 for his apples *upon the trees*, to be gathered by the purchaser. This was an uncommonly profitable year to Mr. Robinson, because the general scarcity of fruit gave to his an additional value; but it shows pretty distinctly what *may* be done. Upon careful inquiry I am satisfied that the net income of his two acres has averaged $300 a year for ten years past, and see no reason why it should not be as great for twenty years to come. This is the interest of $5,000, or a pretty satisfactory income, considered as the bountiful gift of our mother earth, whereby our neighbor is not rendered poorer, and no man has lost that which we have gained. I have charge of a small orchard in the same town, covering *about half an acre*. In 1847, I selected eight barrels of the fruit of it, and sold the remainder for $100 on the trees. In 1849, I gathered fifty-five barrels, for which I realized $125 above all expenses of care and cultivation for the year. These are small matters, compared with grand operations in wheat fields and cotton plantations, but these small matters make up the wealth of the country. (Ag. Rep. 1849. p. 274.) But orchards, to be thus profitable require very careful management. Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, Mass., in speaking of this point, says: "The thriftiest and most productive orchard I have ever seen, was kept every season under cultivation—it was plowed, manured, and planted to some crops, not of an exhausting nature, such as white beans, or fodder-corn, &c., and from it 1,500 barrels of large, merchantable apples have often been gathered in a single year. On inquiring of the owner why he did not keep it in grass, as the soil was admirably adapted to the growth of the best English hay, he replied that he could not afford it—it would pay better by his present system of management than by any other. The trees in this orchard, though of considerable age, were so thrifty that their bark was as smooth and glossy as if it had been polished—no cracks, moss nor shaggy excrescence were to be seen upon it. How striking the contrast between such trees and those that have been neglected or poorly cultivated, no one who has ever witnessed it, needs to be told; and not less striking is this contrast between the profits of the two descriptions of trees. (Ag. Rep. 1849, p. 279-80.)

And the same remarks here applied to apple orchards will apply with equal force to peach, pear, plum and cherry orchards, as the market demands for these fruits have never been overstocked or even fully supplied, and perhaps never will be. And hence handsome prices for these fruits can always be had.

December, 1860. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEE-BOOKS AND BEE-HIVES.

No one who undertakes the keeping of bees, even on the most limited scale, can dispense with some good treatise on the subject, without losing far more by his ignorance than the book would cost. A few years ago, when my bees began to increase, I procured Langstroth's book, and read and re-read it with the utmost pleasure; since which time I feel that by study, observation and experience, I have reached results which, for successful bee-keeping, are invaluable. The mercy the bee-keeper owes to his little servants, and his own profit alike, show the importance of such knowledge. Any man who has but two or three hives will be well repaid for purchasing Langstroth's, Miner's, Quinby's, or Harbison's book, which the nearest bookseller will order for him upon application for it. My experience leads me to the conclusion that expensive bee-hives cannot, with just regard to profit, be extensively employed. But every bee-keeper will do well to procure and keep in service several hives with glass sides and moveable comb-frames. Such hives are opened from the top, and can be emptied of the entire contents, combs and bees, so that the owner has the fullest opportunity of learning by observation and experience the habits of the bee. He will find a wonderful fascination in the study; and also that the knowledge gained is highly remunerative in dollars and cents—an item which but few will be disposed to overlook. In Langstroth's and Harbison's observing hives I have studied the habits of the bees, and have with great ease transferred them, made new swarms, and cut honey from the combs at pleasure.

I may observe that the system of making new swarms, and that of depending on the swarming of the bees in the natural manner, are two entirely different systems. Whoever undertakes to force swarms should by all means be furnished for that purpose with a moveable comb hive. It cannot be done with the same ease and efficiency in any other.

In the system of natural swarming, a box-hive of common construction is at once cheap and serviceable. It is made generally twelve inches square inside, and fourteen inches high, with a chamber twelve inches square and seven inches high, above into which chamber are slid drawers for the reception of all the honey it is expected to abstract from the hive for the benefit of the owner. The hive should be set on a flat bench, and elevated on blocks half an inch high at each corner; or if set flat on the bench, the lower edge should be bevelled somewhat sharp, and a space cut out for a door way for bees. The object of this is to prevent a broad crack which would be a harbor for the worms, and also to prevent crushing the bees every time the hive is moved for inspection and again set down in its place.

In some cases story hives are used, much to the satisfaction of their owners. I have seen them used and admired their simplicity. Each story is separate from the other, and about seven inches high. The new story, as it is needed, may be put below or on top. Any one of the stories also may be withdrawn, as the owner may choose. Of course the best honey is got by putting the new story for that use on top, as the bees keep their brood below. It is said, however, that bees prefer the empty space to be added below, and make more honey in that case. I am now wintering some hives in a dry cellar, and shall write hereafter of my experience in that and other particulars.

M. E. D.

[Written for teh Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

POULTRY AS AN EXPERIMENT.

As experiments, however trifling, tend to throw some light upon the subject matter of investigation, I offer the following as my experience in the care of a few hens the past season. The hens numbered eleven, and the offspring therefrom came out in February and March, 1860. I entered into this in the winter more as a matter of amusement and experiment than from any serious thoughts of revenue. Five hens came off with broods from the 10th to the 25th Feb'y and raised forty-seven, twenty pairs of which were sold in the Philadelphia market in May following for $1 10 per pair, amounting to $22; three and a half pairs consumed or kept for over-keepers, $3 85. Of the six hens that hatched in March, the result was fifty-three for market, of which number twenty pairs were sold on the first of June for 75 cents per pair, amounting to $15. Six and a half pairs for over-keepers, worth, at the same rate, $4 87.. Whole amount $45 72 cents. From which deduct three and a half bushels wheat screenings worth 50 cents per bushel, and four and a half bushels of corn, worth 75 cents per bushel, making a total for feed of $5 12 cents, leaving a clear balance of $40 60 cents.

Many may wonder how it is possible to have them hatched and reared in such severe weather as we usually have in February and March. To those and others who may contemplate trying the experiment, I would add that, as far as my experience goes, those thus early did much better than later ones, and ripened into maturity more rapidly and with less loss of life. Have them placed in some southern exposure with tight coop and board bottom, open only in front. Care should be taken in setting the hens to have an ample nest of straw, over which spread a thick layer of hay seeds from the entry or clover heads. It will be seen the report is made out for two months only. The balance of the season poultry sold at a much lower price, and selling eggs come in for a share of attention, of which no accurate account was kept to furnish a data of the whole year's transactions. Almost an indispensable fixture about every barn is a swarm and tight hen-house. The manure thus saved and put in the corn-hills will just about add to that crop what the fowls consume. So much for my "Golden Pheasants." A. S. P.

Bucks County, Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

NOTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA LANDS.

The very heavy timber growing on lands in the vicinity of Moshannon and Clearfield creeks has retarded the agricultural improvements very greatly, and has caused our farmers, who are not the most scientific in the world, to resort to the easiest mode to subdue their wild lands. In the first place the white pine is cut down and floated to the great saw mills at Lock Haven and Williamsport, which pays handsomely to the owner of timber lands; but the great trouble is to get rid of the remaining timber, which consists of hemlock, oak and sugar. These are usually cut down and roiled into great log heaps and burned, scattering the ashes over the land. A good farm is considered quite equal to a good manuring. Then, without plowing, the land is roughly harrowed and sowed with wheat, which is followed by clover in the spring, and, surprising to relate, excellent crops are raised, varying from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. The innumerable stumps and roots render plowing difficult, and hence the harrow is brought into use as a substitute. The clover grows so rank that plaster is seldom employed, as the plaster causes the clover to grow too rank and coarse; as it is, it grows nearly as high as the fences. The soil being well adapted to grass large remunerative crops are raised.

The land here is not prepared for tilling as fast as the white pine is cut off. As usual in timber countries, all wish to become lumbermen, and few farmers, which in reality is more remunerative here than east of the mountains. All agricultural products command higher prices here than they would in the Philadelphia market. Land, with an abundance of timber for fencing and fuel, can be purchased, after the white pine is removed, at from $5 to $10 per acre, as the rapid manner in which the timber is cut off has thrown a large amount of land into market, giving first rate opportunities for parties desiring cheap homesteads to make purchases, without emigrating to the Far West.

Phillipsburg, Pa., 1860. CO.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Your correspondent "C. B.," of Clarke county, O., No. 2, present volume, says he is a "young farmer, and very anxious to learn how to do everything well," &c., but "has been unfortunate so far" in obeying the instruction of agricultural writers. In order to "do everything well," he must first learn to exercise a little *judgment* and *common sense*, and not be so great a goose as to *immerse his geese in boiling water to get the feathers off*, unless he wishes to *kill* them, and in that case I would recommend a more humane way of first killing them, and administering the warm bath afterward. I am also a "young farmer," but I have learned to examine the *rationale*, before adopting every man's *ipse dixit*, and have yet much to learn.

"C. B." also inquires how to ascertain the quantity of corn, &c., by measurement in a "crib or wagon bed." Ascertain how many *cubic inches* the crib or box contains, by multiplying the length, breadth and depth together, and divide the product by 2150.42, the number of cubic inches in a *Winchester bushel or U. S. standard bushel*, and it will show how many bushels of *shelled* corn it will hold. Or divide by 2747.70, the contents of a heaped bushel or true cone it will show how many bushels of *ears* it holds.

"Lucius" inquires "how the *newer* varieties of the potato have turned out," &c., and how they "compare with the standard variety, the Mercer." In this vicinity, so far as they have been tried, the Colebrook Seedling or Greene Potato stands first, all things considered, and the Prince Albert next. The former was originated by Mr. Greene, of Colebrook, in this county, from the seed balls of the Sand Lake, I think. They are a dark red color, rather long or oval in form, large, uniform size when grown on good soil, smooth and clean, and are a beautiful variety to look at. But their true beauty appears after cooking and tasting. Their flesh is white and very mealy, and cannot be excelled as a table potato. They are not to be compared with the Mercer, that variety proving nearly worthless in this vicinity on account of their propensity to rot. These, so far, have withstood the disease very well, the best of any variety with which I am acquainted, except, perhaps, the Prince Albert, which is an excellent white potato, but is now so well known it needs no description. G. W. L.

Litchfield County, Conn., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

Should Guano be Mixed with Other Manure?

This is a question of importance to every farmer in the Union, and it is a question, too, which has never been satisfactorily solved, but is one nevertheless which *should* be solved, and which *can* be, only by protracted trials and patient investigations. Now almost every one knows that guano contains a great amount of ammonia, which is extremely volatile when exposed to the air, and this substance being a very powerful fertilizer, of course the loss of it would occasion a proportionate decrease in the quality of the guano, and also by its too rapid escape it often does great injury to crops by what is called *firing* them. Now any process by which these evils can be ameliorated in a measure would be of great benefit; and the cheapest way this can be done, in my opinion, would be to mix this guano with other manure in such a manner that when it is to be put out in the open air it will form a sort of manure; while corn, or any other crop can receive the whole benefit of the guano, and not have to be in too much haste receiving it either.

My experience proves that the best manure to mix guano with is horse or stable manure, for the reason that the guano seems to enter into the substance of the manure and produces a sort of wholesome fermentation, and in the end produces a manure which is superior to any other for corn. I shall have occasion to refer to this subject again. I will give my experience with mixing guano with other manures, and their application to different crops.

H. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

THE WINTER CHERRY.—*Bernville, Berks County, Pa.*—Will some one of the contributors to the "Dollar Newspaper" inform a subscriber where the Winter Cherry or Cape Gooseberry may be had by seed or plant? A correspondent from Onondaga county, New York, in 1859, made mention of them. Will he, or any one else, state something in regard to them?

J. B.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

LACE FABRICS.—The varieties of choice lace are not very numerous. Antwerp, Mechlin and Brussels have long been celebrated for the perfection of their manufactures of this article. Brussels is still the most valuable of all laces except point lace; it has a hexagonal mesh, formed by twisting and plaiting four threads of flax to a perpendicular line of mesh. The plain is formed by three flax threads, plaited to a perpendicular pillar. Valenciennes is an irregular hexagon, formed of two threads, plaited at the top of the mesh. Lisle is a diamond mesh, formed of two threads plaited to a pillar. Alencon plain is formed by two threads to a pillar, with octagonal and square meshes, alternately. Gold lace is formed by covering yellow silk threads with flattened gold wire, which is then woven into lace or cloth. Gold may be placed on the thread less in thickness than the three hundred and fifty thousandth part of an inch, in so perfect a manner that the microscope will not show any break or imperfection in it. Machinery is now extensively applied to the manufacture of lace, and in England immense quantities of point net, warp net and bobbin net, the peculiar construction of the machines employed, are thus produced. In the Nottingham factories the machines employed are limited to the making of fancy net, both in wide pieces and in quillings, the thicker thread or gimp being wrought into the desired pattern by means of a leopard apparatus attached to the frame. When the frame thus consists of a series of separate flowers, sprigs, etc., these are necessarily all connected by a single thread of gimp passing between them, which single thread is afterwards cut out. The designing of patterns for lace is an important art. The lace pattern is drawn upon a block of wood, and then engraved in the same manner as a wood engraving, those parts of the surface being left in relief which are intended to make a mark. The block is slightly moistened with some colored pigment, and is then impressed upon the net so as sufficient of the mess to cover its surface. The lace runner then fills up the pattern with the needle, the web being extended horizontally in a frame for the purpose. Of late years, improved processes, such as lithography, &c., have been advantageously introduced as substitutes for engraved blocks.

IMPROVED CITY RAIL.—A rail is now being brought into extensive use, which is thought to possess superior merit for city railroads. This rail is of a A form, known in Great Britain as Seaton's rail. The rail rests on a straddle, a triangular timber or longitudinal sleeper, which has one corner up and the flat side down, in the position of a ridge pole in the roof of a country house. The sleepers are formed by splitting a square stick diagonally, each half forming a sleeper, and each sleeper having a greater bearing on the ballast than would any side of the square stick from which it was cut. The A rail has considerable vertical stiffness, as well as much side stiffness, both of which are necessary for street uses, and it presents only a narrow tread on the surface, upon which horses will not slip. One of the chief disadvantages of a rail which is as wide as the timber on which it rests, is, that the continuity of the paving is broken—it stops square and short at the rails. At other parts, the stones break joints, and the pressure on them is partially distributed among several of them, but when they stop at a square line they are more likely to be pounded down. Especially is this the case at the side of a rail, for however slightly it projects upward, it will catch and hold wheels of vehicles which approach it at an acute angle, so that the weakest part of the pavement is most travelled on and most hammered down. The A rail with its larger A timber forms a support for the stones, which lie on a bearing of the whole width of the timber, on one of the stones close to the rail is distributed to the whole wide and long bearing surface of the timber, and the pavement is strongest where most strength is required.

METALLIC PRODUCTION.—The value of precious metals produced per annum in the United States, as compared with Europe, exhibits some interesting facts, as follows: United States, sixteen millions of pounds sterling; Great Britain, twenty millions of pounds sterling; Russian Empire, five millions; France, only three millions; the Austrian Empire, less than half a million; Prussia, a little more than one of four millions; Belgium, nearly two millions; Spain, a million and a half; Sweden and Norway, a million; Saxony, three hundred thousand; Italy, considerably less than half a million; and Switzerland, only seventy-eight thousand pounds sterling. The annual average of the metals in the United States is put down at eight millions and a little rising two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Mexico and Chili foot up about nine millions sterling, and the rest of South America, exclusive of Chili, gives less than three and a half millions. According to this estimate, the grand total crop of precious metals produced annually in Europe and America, including Australia, is nearly seventy-six millions of pounds sterling.

SAILING VESSELS AND STEAMERS.—A writer in the London Engineer, in an article on the distribution of material in iron steamers, argues that the greatest source of strength in a sailing vessel is almost wholly wanted in steamers, as the engine arrangement prevents the lower deck being carried through the engine room, and on the upper deck, particularly in paddle-wheel vessels, the greater part of the deck is cut away, the deck ties, longitudinal stringers, &c., stopped for the engine room, sky-light, companions, ventilating hatches, etc.; and to make matters worse, the sheer streakes are cut to allow the headstock paddle beams, &c., to pass through the sides, thus weakening the ship in a vital part. If to these sources of weakness is a steamer, be added the one that in many instances the gunwale stringer is cut at intervals of about four feet in order to allow rough tree stanchions to run through, that they may be bolted to the sides, it becomes self-evident that should the vessel be so so situated as to bear only upon the centre of her length, her chances of holding together are reduced to a minimum.

SAFETY APPARATUS FOR MINES.—The very old principle of preventing the descent of the cage in case of the rope breaking by causing the short ends of rocking levers to grip the guide rods by the weight of the cage being allowed to fall on the long arms of said levers has recently been repatented in England. The apparatus consists of two plates, suitably formed of iron or other material, placed one on each side of the guide rods, and so arranged as to slide thereon; between these plates are placed two bell-crank levers, which are connected thereto by strong bolts or studs. In the vertical arm of each bell-crank is pivoted on one of the stones close to the rail is distributed to the whole wide and long bearing surface of the timber, and the pavement is strongest where most strength is required.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A MOUND IN THE VALLEY.

Where roses bloom in the mild air of spring,
And at night sip the pearly dew
On the banks of a stream whose ripples sing
A carol that is ever new.
Is a vine-clad cot 'neath the willow tree,
Where zephyrs float dreamingly by,
Where the birds trill a plaintive melody,
And the leaves whisper back a sigh;

For in a dell, by the clear, purling brook,
Whose crinkles kiss softly the shore,
Is a mound, in a green and quiet nook
Not far from the old cottage door. [cheek
Where rests a maiden whose once blooming
Is now mouldering in the clay,
While the faded and sightless eyes bespeak
That her spirit has passed away.

We look as we roam amid the bowers,
And the zephyr-fanned seat is there,
But see not the maiden culling flowers
To deck her golden curls of hair;
There raising to heaven our tearful eyes,
For we feel bereft and alone
We think her an angel in Paradise,
A harper by the golden throne.

Brunswick, Ill., 1860. HAZEL COPPICK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Passports—The Markets—Deodorizing Cesspools—Sunday in Paris—The Poor.

PARIS, Nov 1860.

Passports.—We are glad to see Norway an Sweden following Denmark in the abolition of the passport system. It is amazing that Belgium, which has now a fine Constitutional Government, should retain this remnant of tyranny.

There is not, however, that annoyance about passports, which books of travel have led us to suppose. It is only in passing the frontier of any kingdom that you have to deliver it up, and this occasions very little trouble. When you arrive in a city, the landlord requests your passport. He sends it to the office in charge of that department and it is returned to your room. When you desire to have it *viséed* in order to pass into another kingdom, it is all done for you without personal inconvenience, you paying the fees.

When you change your quarters in a city, the house that parts with you and that which receives you, are bound to notify the police department. In this way, it is easy to trace out anybody that ever was in the city, with dates to all his movements. If a servant, for instance, suddenly leaves her place, having in her bandbox a stray article of her mistress's, there is no escape for her. Before next noon she is produced.

In a crowded city like Paris, having many families in every house, there are some advantages in this ready traceability. But Americans never fail to feel a sense of relief from restraint when they get away from this passport system, and once again breathe the untainted air of pure liberty. A European tour is a great cure for grumbling Americans. Till we get to heaven, we shall find things objectionable in the happiest land. But travel—seeing how other people live and nurse privation—gives to the American an appreciation of his glorious country that makes him ever after more contented and more thankful to Providence for the blessings we enjoy.

The Markets of Paris are well conducted and plentifully supplied. Everything is dear, there being a city tax levied before it comes into market. Fruit is in reasonable supply; pears seem most numerous. Vegetables are plenty. Butter is good and well supplied. It is always made without salt, and to the unaccustomed taste is insipid. Fish is not a leading article, though they are brought alive, and so kept in water troughs where the stream is continuous, so that you buy them alive. Meat is not equal to American, except veal, which, in this country, is never marketed till it is half beef. Oysters in London and Paris are very small, black, copper-tasted affairs. Snails, cooked in the shell, are among the curiosities. A curious variation is the stalls for second-hand meat, which are always well attended. The leavings of the table are bought by market folks, who cut it into scraps, which are assorted and priced according to their attraction.

In Ireland, a considerable traffic is made of the shavings and trimmings of the pork packers. The shops that sell it are well patronized. The Government is at this time actively pushing forward a system of market arrangements for the better convenience of the citizens. The structures are of iron and glass, and they are clear all around. Water is plentifully provided. At night they are closed by open iron gates. Every day is market day, Sundays included.

There are persons who keep the scraper and the broom going all day, so that no dirt or refuse is permitted to accumulate. There are no markets arranged for being warmed.

Ladies and gentlemen do not go to market. This is entrusted entirely to servants, who make a certain commission on every purchase by arrangement with the seller.

It is designed to have underground railways to deliver all produce to the markets, out of sight, and to relieve the crowded streets of the city.

The greatest suavity of manner is observable in the intercourse of market people. Whenever an altercation arises, as it sometimes does, among the women, who chiefly do the business, it affords so much pleasantry that they have to kiss and make up, after a war of words which no other language can pretend to supply in equal sharpness and in volubility.

To their customers the market women are the quintessence of politeness. The fish-women used to be, as usual everywhere, a notable exception; but this is changed. The police has them in charge, and any breach of decorum forfeits their leases and licenses. This system has cast out the lewd, and now those who sell fish are, per force, not only civil, but polite. So, you see, a fish-woman may be a gentlewoman, in spite of the adage to the contrary.

Deodorizing Cesspools.—The business of cleansing sinks in Paris is conducted by companies, who perform the service by day or by night. We have never seen deodorization so perfect. The receiving casks remain on the premises or in the street, and a flexible hose and pump are used to make the transfer. The success is not always alike, for at night the olfactories have been offended. But it is fully proved that, when the requisite attention is paid, deodorization is complete; and a knowledge of this fact may be important to the Councils of Philadelphia.

Sunday in Paris.—Sunday is not the Sabbath in any part of the Christian world except Great Britain and America, which follows its fashion. So Sunday is the only Sabbath, and Jews only observe it. The propriety and spiritual advantage of going to church services once a week is generally recognized, and also the inseparable convenience of there being some particular day for this ceremonial observance. But if a Christian contends for anything like a Sabbath, he is bound in conscience to keep the day holy, as in the Commandment. To deny or evade, or change any part of the Commandment, is to abjure the whole; there being nothing in the text to make one part more binding than the rest. It is contended that the Puritan system of America is an innovation of latter times, by which men "unco guid" sought to make Christianity better than its Founder chose to give it to us, by mixing some of the leaven of the Old Testament with the New, to make it stronger flavored.

In short, they call upon us to show the commandment of Christ for making Sunday a Sabbath, or for changing any part of the commandment, if not for abrogating the whole of the Old Testament law. They also ask if the religion of Christ is not a perfect institution as it is of record? If the old Jewish books are necessary to supply what is omitted, they ask to be shown authoritat very, what is wanted and what is not of the vast mass, to supply what the imperfection of the new demands.

This is the French view. Sunday, therefore, in Paris and in all Europe, finds the churches open from early morn till noon. Some in the afternoon. The church attendance is generally about the same as under our almost compulsory system, viz, two thirds women and children, and the house having plenty of room for further attendance, except when a preacher or a service of attraction is presented.

The annunciation of great talent, here and everywhere always crowds the church, and it is a pity that good talent does not suggest itself to the Church itself, as the cheapest and most effective coercion, infinitely superior to all legal enactments, which in no case promote true piety.

Sunday morning in Europe finds things about as on other days, as regards the shops and the highways, the markets and the walks of industry outside. Here and there a shop is closed, and on some buildings and on some fields people are not at work But there is no law on the subject. The Court knows no Sabbath.

Sunday is always the great day of amusement. Every sort of play flourishes in extra luxuriances. It is the great omnibus, cab and suburban railway gala day.

Paris, for instance, is surrounded with public parks, gardens, castles, chateaux, lakes, museums, picture galleries, menageries, fountains, &c., all free, and generally music also gratis. To those places railways take passengers at low rates. Multitudes always go. Every body and his wife and sweetheart. The railways get rich, the passengers get relaxation, health and good humor. Every sort of politeness and kindly interchange of good words is fully drilled and exercised on Sunday, and really we can't see that the practical benefits of our gloomy Sunday are at all comparable to this. We appear to have a devout theory that effects little in making us really better every-day Christians, while they have a free system that exactly provides what is needed to refresh the exhausted spirits of the toil worn multitude. Whether it be due to their wiser system, we know not; but this we must confess, viz, the European is more devout and more amiable, and a thousand times happier! For let it be observed, there is no such exhibitions of drunkenness nor of rowdyism, nor of low vulgarity in any form, nor of any disgraceful acts such as one never fails to see in the newspapers of America as chronicles of that day. While we are puffing up "our glorious institutions," it may be unsavory but most profitable for us to take a whiff from those of other nations. Under take to pass here a Sunday car law, such as in Philadelphia, and the interference with the freedom of the people would overturn any government.

The Poor in Paris.—There is scarcely ever seen in Paris a beggar, nor a ragged, barefooted child. The first policeman that should see such a one will at once take him in charge.

If a child, or young boy or girl appear in such a state, inquiry is set on foot as to the cause of the destitution. The parent or responsible guardian is overhauled, and generally deprived of the child forever. It is taken in charge of the proper institution, and it goes ragged no more. If a mechanic is noticed, by mention of his wife or parents, for instance, lasting about a drinking house, and otherwise wasting of substance to which others have a strong claim, he is quickly and firmly dealt with. Generally, persuasion, assisted by power in reserve, turns the erring from his evil way. The high-toned officials of the police are, by their urbanity and good sense, eminently calculated for such a mission.

ANTHRAX.

SUNDAY FIRESIDE.

THE LITTLE WHITE ANGEL.

Some children stood in a group before the door of the village school-house one lovely summer evening.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hoffmeister, to little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

It is very true that Kline wore a velvet jacket, richly embroidered, while Carl's coat was old, and his wooden shoes were rough enough, in all conscience. But what of that? If they were good friends, what difference did *that* make, I should like to know? Wait till children become grown people, for pity's sake, before you expect them to measure each other's worth by what they possess or wear.

"The new school master, Meinheer Friedrich, comes to-morrow," said Otto. "I am so glad. I was weary of that old Master Hoffman, with his crooked problems and hard lessons."

"So was I, truly," cried Kline, who, although a good, merry boy, hated his books as he did medicine.

"Ah! thou didst always like play better than work, my Kline," said Max, "and so do I. Meinheer Friedrich will be wise if he keeps thee and me apart during school hours. But come—see which can get home first—one, two, three!" and away they all scampered, laughing and shouting as only school boys can.

The following day the boys were standing around the school house, when the door opened, and Master Friederich himself appeared and cried in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of Books, and then reverently kneeling, prayed that the dear Saviour would guide him in his teachings, and bless them, and send His holy spirit to watch over them all.

School began; the thumb-worn books were brought out; the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic,